

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE WORLD BROKEN IN PIECES

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Ten

A CERTAIN OLD LADY HAD TWO SONS

THE LONG QUEST FOR THEM

Walking For Nearly 1000 Miles
at 80 Years Old

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

By Our Hungary Correspondent

This is the story of Feodosia Kaklanov, Russian citizen, who at the age of 80 went out alone into the world to search for her sons, and after a ten-months journey full of unimagined perils has at last come, unscathed and triumphant, to the end of her quest.

Born in Moscow 81 years ago, she has lived in that city all her long life. In 1920 she lost her husband, with whom she had lived happily for 40 years; but she still had her two sons, who looked after her and provided for all her wants, so that she would have thought it wicked to repine.

Eight Years of Silence

Soon, however, they were also lost to her, for in 1926 they were forced to flee the country for political reasons. They escaped to Rumania and therewith passed out of her life, and no tidings of them reached her for eight years. Hard indeed was old Feodosia's lot in needy Russia during those eight years, and the hardest part of it was the ever-increasing certainty that her two beloved sons were dead.

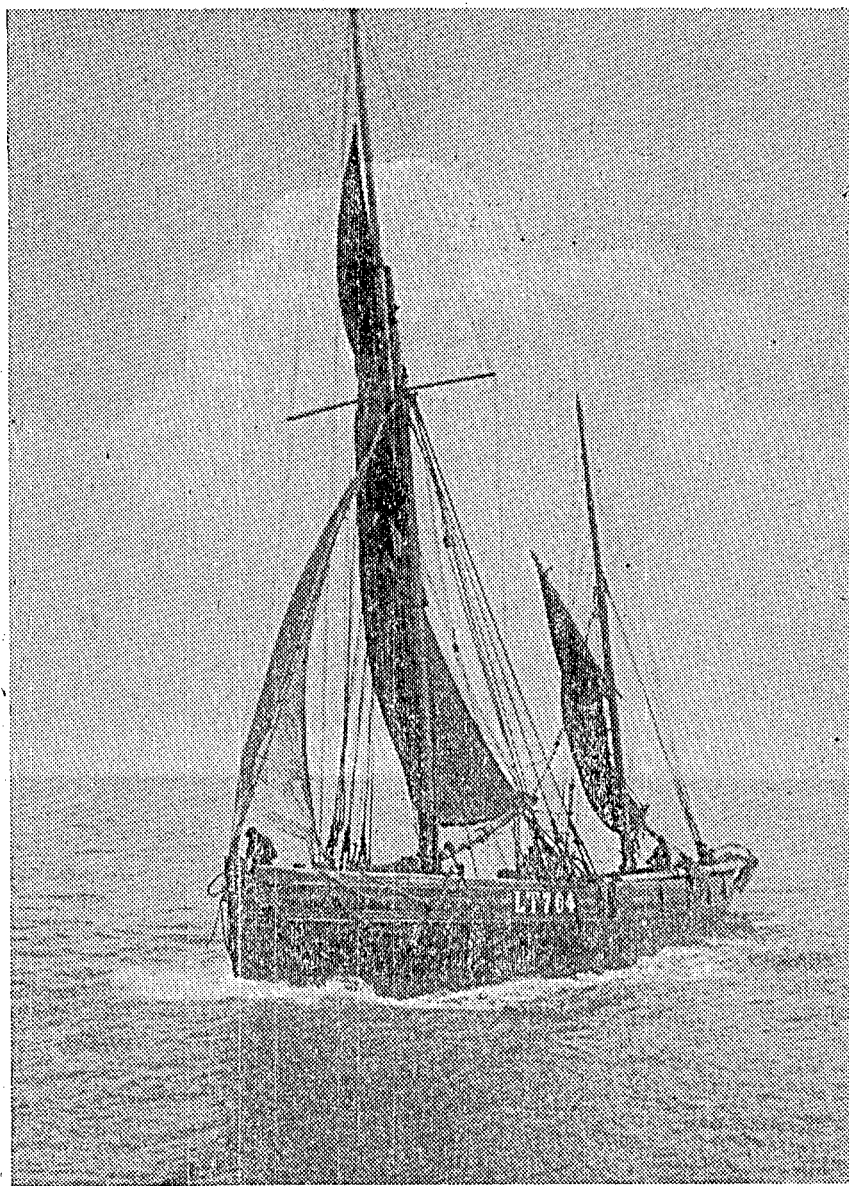
But this was not so. Last summer a neighbour, returning from a journey to Rumania, brought her the news that both were alive and well, having reshaped their lives in their new home. Apparently they had tried to communicate with their mother, but, finding their efforts unavailing, had concluded that she was no longer among the living. Now that they knew her to be alive they were consumed with longing to see her again, but were unable to come to her.

A Pilgrim of Motherly Love

Not all the king's horses and all the king's men could have kept Feodosia in Moscow after that. On August 11 last year she started out alone to walk the long distance of nearly 1000 miles from Moscow to Rumania. In sunshine and rain, in heat and cold, she trudged on and on, for days and weeks and months, along the desolate Russian roads, which seemed to have no beginning and no end. Like the pious pilgrims of the East she lived on the alms of the charitable. Was she not a pilgrim, too, the pilgrim of motherly love?

It was February before she reached the Dniester, which forms the boundary between Russia and Rumania, and, eluding the vigilance of the Red guards, she made her way painfully across the

A Lowestoft Herring Boat



The first rules of the Herring Industry Board have just been made. They require that licences be taken out by certain boats, and also by salesmen, curers, and exporters.

frozen river. But on the other bank the luck which had carried her so far deserted her. She was seen by the Rumanian frontier guard and promptly thrown into prison. To arrive in any country secretly, without passport or papers of any kind, is a crime of the first order nowadays, as poor Feodosia found to her cost.

As a result she languished in prison for three months before she was brought before the military tribunal in Kishenev to stand her trial. What terror was in her heart as she stood before her uniformed judges she alone knew, for in the consciousness of her just cause she bore herself with a courage and dignity that allowed no fear to appear. Having told her simple tale she awaited tranquilly the verdict, which for all she knew might be her death sentence.

But it was not that. It seemed incredible, but the verdict was acquittal and release; and so, at last, the long quest came to an end, and Feodosia and her sons were reunited.

THE MAN FATE COULD NOT BREAK

JEAN LEMORDANT AGAIN

His Eyes Can See the Beauty
of the World

A HERO'S GREAT REWARD

From Our Paris Correspondent

A great man has his reward. Jean Julien Lemordant can see, after 20 years of blindness.

It is more than ten years since we told how tragedy had come to this young man and how he had conquered it. He was a painter of promise, already so famous at 25, that he was asked to decorate the theatre at Rennes. The work was begun; his sketch for the ceiling may be seen in a Paris museum; but war broke out and the artist had to leave. After two years at the Front, after nine wounds, a bullet closed the eyes of the man who loved form and colour.

Blind and Dumb

It seemed as if the story of Jean Lemordant was finished, one more tragedy of lost genius to put to the account of the war, but actually his life was only begun. Sight was gone, but speech remained, and off he sailed to America to lecture about what was going on on the Continent, and to call on the people of the New World to try to stop this terrible catastrophe.

Then he returned to France, to his native province of Brittany. "Those who lose the love of beauty are lost," he said, and he gave himself to a new art, that of organising pageants of Breton life, which delighted all who saw them.

Fate struck again; Lemordant gradually lost his speech, and for the time being he was dumb. When he could no longer paint he spoke; now that he could no longer speak he would write. During the winter he lived in Paris, all alone but having friends who would come to see him. Presently he recovered his speech, and this led him to say hopefully:

"After all, I cannot see, but I am not a blind man, properly speaking, for my optic nerve is intact. I do not despair of enjoying the beauty of Nature again."

His Faith Justified

Incredible as it seems, his faith was justified; the substance of things hoped for came to pass. A little while ago Jean Lemordant was hurt on the head in a taxi accident; an operation was necessary, and, as by a miracle, the operation has brought back his sight.

"I can see!" his best friend heard him say over the telephone.

Blindness is frequently cured nowadays, and the one-time miracle is only common news; but everyone will rejoice particularly in this case, that the hero who bore his hard fate so bravely should have his great reward, perhaps in time to continue his painting, giving more joy to himself and to others.

THE BEE WITHOUT A STING

To the seedless raisin and the pipless grape-fruit it is now possible to add the stingless bee.

This insect is the painstaking product of Mr Jay Smith of Indiana, who has devoted his life to bee research.

The bee without a sting has many valuable positive qualities. He is a bigger bee, can travel greater distances, build bigger honeycombs, and gathers more honey. A swarm of these bees, it is said, yields 60 pounds more honey than a swarm of the ordinary bees, and the queens are more fertile.

Ordinary bees travel remarkable distances, for it is said that they work as far as eight miles from the hive. Mr Jay Smith aims at producing bees travelling twice as far. He also aims at increased size, because the bigger insect can probe nectaries beyond the reach of the ordinary insect. So we may expect to see honey-bees as big as Bumble-Bees.

LONDON SPEEDING UP GREAT 5-YEAR PLAN Moving Its Millions More Quickly To and Fro FRESH TUBES AND RAILWAYS NEW

London is to supply the most convincing proof that the tide of prosperity has turned. It is to spend £35,000,000 in five years in bettering its means of transport.

Two of the railways which bring London's millions from its outskirts to its centre are to be electrified; 12 miles of tube railways will be constructed to connect the electrification with the City or with electrified tubes and railways farther west; and 148 miles of those useful troubles, the tramways, will be changed over to trolley bus routes and so cease their hampering of traffic.

Three projects are comprised in this great scheme. The first and the biggest, and the one most sorely needed and most loudly demanded, is that of electrifying the varying routes which at present bring hundreds of thousands of complaining suburban passengers into the bottle-neck of Liverpool Street.

New Spirit of Enterprise

At an acute angle to these electrified lines will be other new ones serving the great districts with increasing populations about Edgware, High Barnet, and Finchley, some of whose residents come through Finsbury Park to Broad Street and others to King's Cross. At present they are slow passengers to their daily work compared with those who come from the outer circle of the west—Wimbledon, Putney, Hammersmith, Ealing, and Acton.

Transport on two or three of the last-named suburbs will be speeded up by the electrified Great Western, and communication between all the links will be furnished by the new tubes.

Such, in rough outline, is the scheme which London squaring its shoulders and the Government hardening its heart are preparing to undertake. It is a tribute, not only to a new spirit of enterprise, but also to what we hope is a new spirit of getting things done instead of talking about them. It is also, like the extension and improvement of the Port of London, a very striking proof of the way 20th-century London is outgrowing the clothes of its 19th-century father.

THE NEW MAN IN EDUCATION Museum Organiser MAKING THE BEST OF OUR TREASURE HOUSES

The CN has always urged that greater use of our museums should be made in education.

We welcome, therefore, the decision of the LCC to appoint a Museum Organiser who will bring teachers and the keepers of the Council's own museums into close cooperation.

Instead of giving merely a casual glance at objects which mean little or nothing to him the London boy or girl will now be able to realise what wonderful stories of man's ingenuity and progress lie behind the things in the museum.

The first museum organiser is Dr Gordon Malcolm, who for many years has been in charge of the Wellcome Historical Medical Museum, a fine model of its type.

The idea is excellent, and we commend it to all Education Authorities in the country. Many a town has a museum far more interesting than its cinema, yet it is empty while the cinema is full. The fault is not in our museums, but in ourselves, that these treasures are so wasted.

PICTURE STAMPS NEW ZEALAND TELLS THE WORLD The Outdoor Life of Our Far-off Dominion G P O PLEASE COPY

A complete transformation in the postage stamps of New Zealand has taken place. We only wish our own Post Office would copy her example, for we badly need some better stamps.

New Zealanders are proud of their mountains, their coast, their quaint birds, their picturesque Maori people, and their smiling farms. All these features of life in the most distant Dominion of the Empire, which is sometimes called the Brighter Britain of the South, have been represented in 14 pictorial stamps.

Three native birds are depicted—the merry little fantail on the green half-penny stamp, the wingless kiwi on the red penny, and the stately black-coated tui (leading songster of the New Zealand bush) on the bottle-green shilling stamp.

Maori figures are depicted on two stamps. The 1d stamp shows a Maori woman lowering food into a boiling stream for cooking, as the Maoris have done for centuries in the hot springs district. The 3d stamp has



Some of the new stamps of New Zealand

a charming portrayal of the head of a young Maori woman, whose dark hair is held in place by a headband of plaited native flax leaf, in which is thrust a white-tipped feather of the huia bird.

A Maori house with carved posts and a background of ferns and palms is shown on the yellow 2d stamp, and the 9d stamp represents a typical Maori carving in red and black. The ancient Maoris were Stone Age men, and did these intricate carvings for their houses with chisels made from flint.

Three of New Zealand's famous snow-capped mountains appear on the new stamps. Mitre Peak, so-called because it resembles in shape a bishop's mitre, is reflected in the waters of Milford Sound in the design of the 4d stamp. Mount Cook, named after Captain Cook, is shown on the 2½d stamp, along with a border of mountain buttercups. On the 3s stamp is a view of Mount Egmont, an extinct volcano.

Captain Cook, the first explorer to chart the coasts of New Zealand, is shown landing on New Zealand's shores in 1769 on the green 2s stamp.

Swordfish on a Stamp

The 5d stamp shows a giant swordfish leaping out of the water and typifying the strength and grace of the deep-sea fish which have made the waters of New Zealand's coast world famous.

Whatever is the queer creature on the 8d stamp? many people will ask. It is a quaint native reptile, the harmless tuatara, which is one of the zoological curiosities of the world. It is found only in New Zealand, and seems a link with the distant ages when all sorts of reptiles occupied the Earth.

A harvesting scene printed in bright cherry on the 6d stamp reminds us that New Zealand can grow fine wheat, barley, and oats, although much of her wealth comes from the pastoral side of her farms.

MINISTER FOR PEACE A Great Decision

SIGNIFICANT CHANGE IN OUR POLITICAL SYSTEM

There are perhaps millions of people in this country who will believe that the most significant change in the new Cabinet is not the change of Premiership from Mr MacDonald to Mr Baldwin, but the appointment of a Minister for the League of Nations.

It seems to us the most significant Cabinet appointment that has been made in Europe since the war.

Mr Anthony Eden, whose services to peace have won for him the plaudits of men and women of goodwill throughout all Europe, is the first Cabinet Minister to Geneva in this or any other land, and his appointment is full of meaning. It is the Government's way of declaring to all the world that its policy is based on the League and the Covenant, and we may hope the precedent will be followed by other nations.

The Great Peace Ballot

As Foreign Minister Sir Samuel Hoare has more than enough to do in these anxious times, and the presence at his side of a Minister specially devoted to League affairs, always ready to speak for his Government at Geneva or to speak for the League at home, must be an inspiration always on the side of peace. It must be regarded everywhere as one more example of the devotion of the British nation to League principles, and we may regard it as a national vindication of the great Peace Ballot which has been so completely and astonishingly successful. We propose to deal with the result of the Ballot next week.

THOMAS HARDY'S KIN Cousin John's One Book FRIEND OF THE KING OF THE GIPSIES

Mr John Antell has passed away in Puddletown. Very few people have heard of him except in Dorset, but everyone has heard of his cousin, Thomas Hardy. They were the first-born sons of two loving sisters.

John Antell was a charming old character. He had played the violin in the old church choir, just such a choir as Hardy described in Under the Greenwood Tree. By trade he was a shoemaker, but he could make poems as well as shoes. While Cousin Tom published many books, Cousin John published only one, and that was to earn money for the repair of a tombstone. There was something romantic about it, because the tomb was nothing to do with his family.

In 1802 the king of the gipsies was encamped at Puddletown. There he died of smallpox, and was buried at midnight by the light of many candles. In time the lettering on his gravestone grew hard to read, and John Antell did not like to think that a king's tomb should be so neglected. Perhaps John was all the more sympathetic because the old man was only a gipsy king. He loved the woods and the heath and freedom and a merry tune as much as any gipsy could love them.

Now we have lost one who was not a famous man but was an authority on old Dorset life, and was besides a lovable personality who will be sorely missed.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Corot	Ko-ro
Gizch	Ge-zeh
Philippine	Fil-ip-pin
Rennes	Ren
Tapajoz	Tah-pa-zhosh

MOTHERLAND AND THE DOMINIONS Two Great Decisions WESTMINSTER CANNOT INTERFERE

Two profound decisions have been made concerning relations between the Motherland and the Empire, one concerning Ireland and one Canada.

There is at last a ray of light on the Irish question, and it is expected that before very long the British and Free State Governments will discuss the fiscal problems with a view to ending the tariff war between the two countries.

We must all hope that discussions will not end there, for a recent decision of the Court which for a hundred years has settled matters in dispute in the Empire has made clear the Irish position as it affects this country.

Under the Statute of Westminster she is free to denounce the Treaty of 1921; in fact, she has already done so. That treaty included rights of the British Navy to use Irish ports, an essential need for Ireland as well as for the United Kingdom. Would it not be a good thing for both Governments to get together and conclude an entirely new treaty on the basis of the freedom and independence both enjoy today?

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which made clear this right of the Irish Free State, also declared that it could not interfere in a criminal appeal from Canada, that Dominion having made a law forbidding such appeals without leave.

These two judgments are historic and important, and both of them enhance the prestige of British justice.

A GREAT POLICEMAN Victorious in Peace and War

Lord Byng's career tells again the truth that Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War.

For nearly 40 years he was a soldier, a smart officer who fought in the Sudan and South Africa, a general who, when the time came, welded the Canadian contingent in the Great War into one of the finest units of the British Army; and, as Commander of the Third Army, played a great part in stemming the last German thrust and breaking the Hindenburg Line.

The Canadians did not forget, and the Dominion welcomed him with enthusiasm as its Governor-General. That duty done, at a time when most soldiers are retiring he took with some misgiving the office of Commissioner of Police.

In 12 months this elderly soldier attacked bribery in police circles, cleaned up West End night clubs, increased the strength of Scotland Yard, instituted promotion by merit instead of mere length of service; and, to cope with new forms of crime coming in with the motor-car, put the Flying Squad on London's map.

When health forced him to resign he declared that the police force he was leaving was the finest in the world. For making it so he had laid solid foundations on which his successors could build, and this is the finest service he rendered his country.

THINGS SAID

Unfortunately the recipe for intelligence is not known. Mr C. E. M. Joad

There is every indication that this year will see an unexampled expansion in motoring. Mr Hore-Belisha

Only faith in God can make the world safe for freedom or freedom safe for the world. Archbishop of York

There is no newspaper in this country which has any claim to be regarded as the mouthpiece of the Government. Lord Lucan

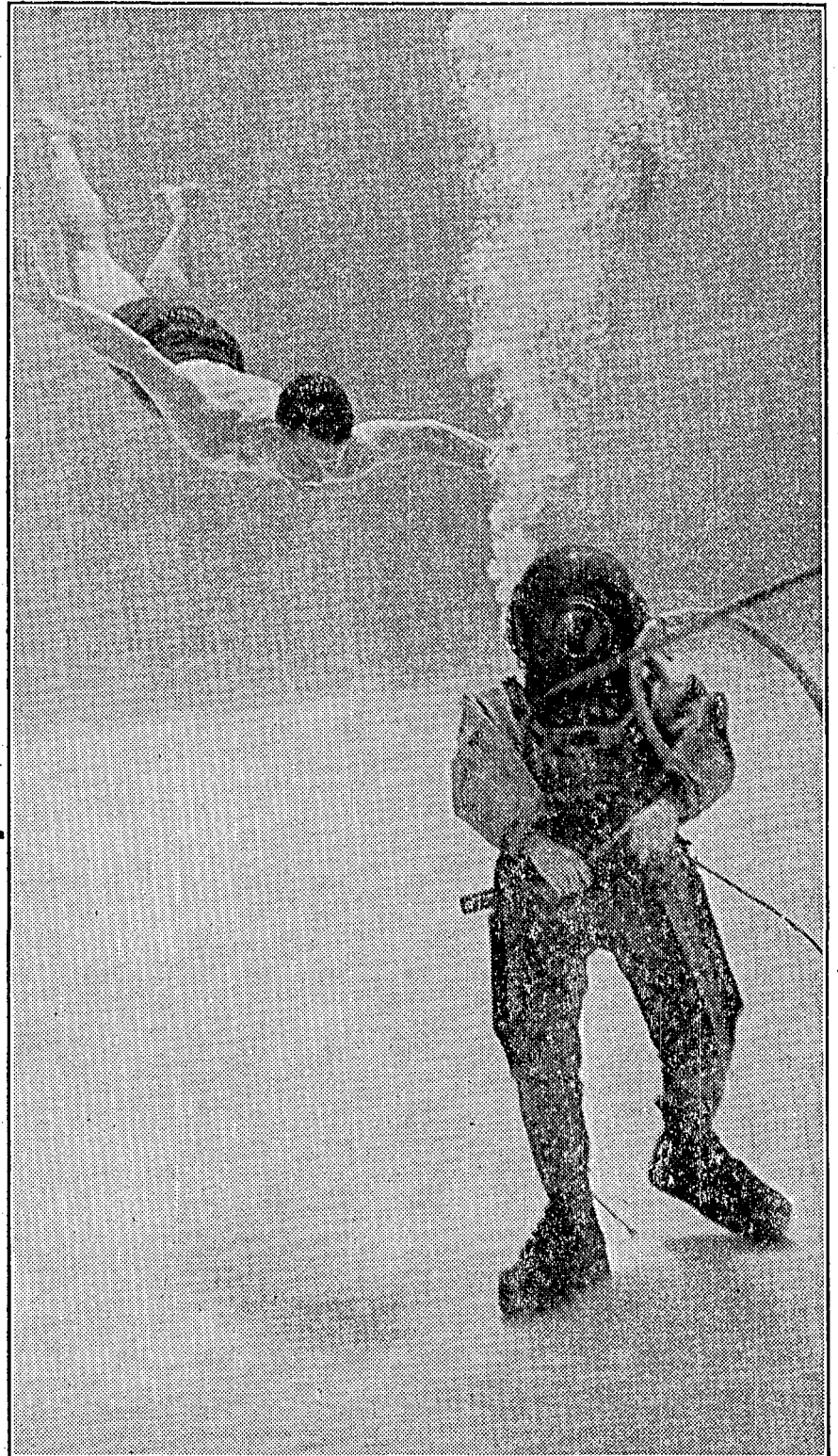
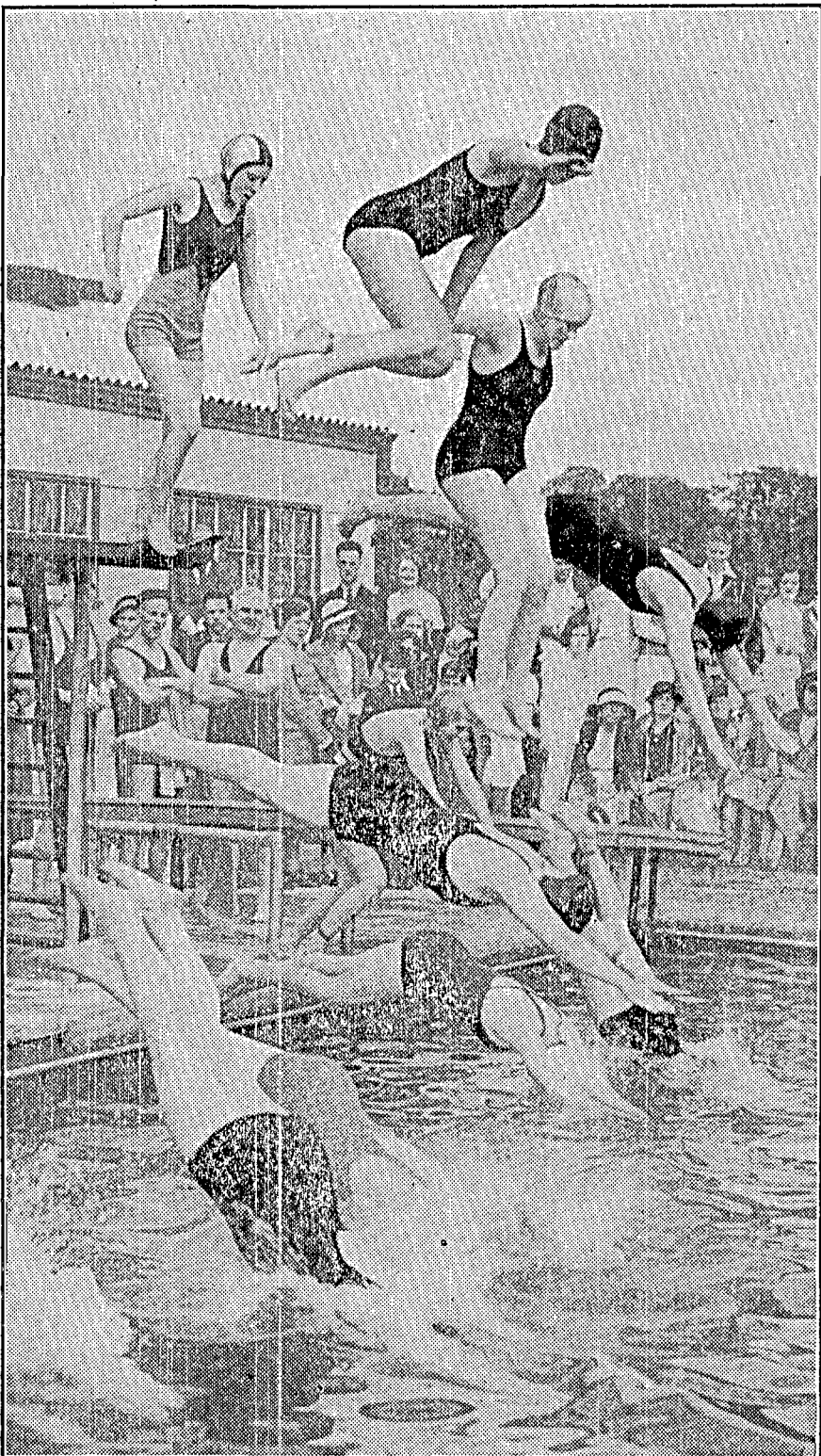
HARROGATE PAGEANT · THE DIVERS · PETROL-DRIVEN MODEL PLANES



King John and Queen Isabella—An incident in a pageant of local history presented by children at Harrogate.



Little Planes—These models, which have petrol engines, are being flown at Sywell Aerodrome in Northamptonshire.



The Divers—On the left, London waitresses diving into their new swimming-pool at Sudbury; on the right, a diver inspecting the bed of the Wembley pool.

FIVE NATIONS HOLD HALF THE WORLD

THE GREAT EMPIRES OF TODAY

A Thousand Million People Living Under Five Flags

WHAT IT MEANS

A very large part of the world's population is now grouped in five great Empires—the British Empire, Russia, the United States, the Japanese Empire, and the French Empire.

Germany and Italy, although ranking as Great Powers and playing a great part in world affairs, have no imperial rank, Germany having had her colonies annexed by Britain, France, and Japan after the war, and Italy having some very poor colonies in North Africa which hardly count as worth possession.

The Lion's Share

We have, of course, the lion's share in colonisation and overlordship. About a quarter of the world flies the Union Jack, and the population of this great territory is now roundly 480 millions.

Next in size comes Russia, with 175 million people, the largest aggregate within a single political boundary.

Third comes the United States, which has, with her possessions, some 140 millions.

Fourth is Japan, which aggregates about 125,000,000 and is increasing at the rate of about a million a year.

The fifth great Empire is that of France, which numbers about 110 millions, of whom less than 43 millions are whites. So we get, for the population of these five great Empires:

British	480,000,000
Russian	175,000,000
American	140,000,000
Japanese	125,000,000
French	110,000,000
Total	1,030,000,000

These 1030 millions are as nearly as possible half of the aggregate population of the entire world.

These are not cold figures, but the summing-up of ages of movement, discovery, exploration, conquest, and the slow-building of governments and civilisations. Hundreds of races and tribes, speaking many tongues, are gathered under the five dominant Powers, who have thus assumed responsibility for half the world.

If these empires adopt and maintain an exclusive and illiberal policy they provoke jealousy and antagonism. The world and its treasures ought to be a common inheritance of mankind, for its useful land area is small.

HOUSES MUST HAVE BATHROOMS

Cleanliness Compulsory

It is good that the new Housing Bill defines a standard of overcrowding, which all new houses, and all old houses eventually, must respect.

At the last moment the Minister of Health consented to amend his Bill by inserting a few words providing that all new houses must have a bath in a separate bathroom. All parties agreed.

It is a great social advance, for 40 or 50 years ago a bathroom was a rare luxury even for the middle-classes. Windsor Castle itself had no bathroom two generations ago, and the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street had none when the Great War began.

Slum clearance is proceeding. In the 12 months ended in March local authorities made plans to demolish 47,770 slum houses, displacing 197,596 people, for whom new homes are planned.

As for housing generally, 167,379 houses were built in the six months to March, 149,085 of these built privately.

A PRINCE COMES TO PECKHAM

Just as the CN prophesied, the New Health Centre at Peckham is a place to be glad in.

The children who were playing there in the garden the other Saturday found it out when the Secretary asked if they would like to go inside to see some fairy tales danced.

Raden Mas Jodjana, Prince of the Court of the Sultan of Jogyakarta, and his pupil Roemahlaisan had come all the way from the South Seas to dance for the children of Peckham. There they stood, dark-skinned and friendly, arrayed in strange garments as colourful as the plumage of tropical birds.

The Knight and the Demon

Madame Jodjana explained the meaning of the stories the two men danced. There was the tale of the farmer who sows his rice and then keeps the birds from eating the grains, so that he may harvest a good crop and thresh it; the tale of the fisher-boy who meets friends by the shore, casts his net, takes a good haul, and rows home content; the tale of the mystical bird that learns to sing the song of fire until, singing, fire springs alight in its heart and the bird is consumed in the flames.

The story the children liked best was the tale of the fight between the knight-in-armor and the demon with the gold teeth and black beard, a ferocious creature! The knight, knowing he had Right on his side, had only to parry the thrusts of the demon, while the demon destroyed itself with its own activity.

Afterwards the eager children flocked around examining the costumes, the winged ornaments Prince Jodjana wore over his ears in the Dance of the Mystical Bird, and the small knife the Javanese farmer used to harvest his rice. Prince Jodjana says the Peckham Health Centre's children are the best audience he has ever known.

Beautiful Stories Come To Life

The visit of the Oriental Prince must have been the favourite tea-table topic of Peckham that afternoon, for in the evening the children's parents turned out in full force to see a real prince from the other side of the world, and to try to understand this dancing of old tales, which is like beautiful illustrations of beautiful stories come to life.

Raden Mas Jodjana and his pupil also gave a performance in a Kensington studio, and a plan is on foot to have them appear at a theatre in the West End. But they came to England for the express purpose of dancing for the children of Peckham in order to make the old stories and art of their happy people known to those who cannot go to far-off lands.

It is a wonderfully gracious act of human brotherhood, and if these great artists should read these lines we should like them to know that we thank them.

SO ENDS A NUISANCE

Rivers Must Not Be Poisoned

It is good to be reminded that a town may not pollute the river which flows through it to the injury and annoyance of dwellers downstream.

An important case has been decided after a trial which lasted 35 days and cost about £20,000. Lord Chesham and one of his tenants have succeeded in preventing the Chesham Council from discharging poisonous water into the River Chess which not only harmed the fish but made the house of the tenant unpleasant to live in owing to the evil odours.

The Chess Valley is one of the beauty spots of the Chilterns, the River Chess flowing into the Colne at Rickmansworth.

It requires some courage to go to law with the local authority of a town with 10,000 inhabitants, and Lord Chesham deserves the thanks of all who love a healthy countryside. He has ended a nuisance which continued many years.

HERE GRAY SLEEPS The Quiet of a Country Churchyard

Stoke Poges churchyard, one of the most hallowed spots in England, had its peace threatened about a year ago.

An invasion of builders was imminent on the twenty acres of adjoining meadows south of the church when the Penn-Gray Society came to the rescue.

Their enterprise has had a happy result, for the ground is now a garden of rest; laid out with avenues, a lake, fountains, and a rose garden. As the meadow on the north of the church belongs to the National Trust the blessed quiet of the surroundings of the world-famous churchyard should remain undisturbed down the centuries.

It is likely that the meadows were old haunts of the poet Gray, who lies in the churchyard. In the new garden there will be no graves, monuments, or tombstones, although in part of it the ashes of the dead may be buried in little memorial gardens. Each of these will have a sundial, a seat, or a garden ornament inscribed with the name of the person commemorated.

PICTURES OF JESUS FOR CHILDREN

We are glad to find that the R.T.S. has reprinted for a shilling the speeches of eight leading educationists at the exhibition of Pictures of Christ organised by the Council of Christian Education.

The Headmaster of Mill Hill wants pictures, "be it said with all reverence, which bring Him up to date." The Headmistress of Wimbledon High School for Girls says that she found when asking girls of about twelve their opinion, that they nearly all felt that the best pictures of Christ must express perfect peace. The great interest of this little book lies in the reproductions. It includes three by Harold Copping and two by Elsie Anna Wood. Also there is a list of many others, with their publishers, which will be of extreme value to all who have anything to do with children. The pretty-pretty pictures are no longer cared for, which is excellent.

LIFE WITHOUT A PONY

"Could I have a pony like Joan, Mummie?"

"I'm sorry darling, we can't afford it."

"I wish I could have a dog like Timmy, Daddy."

"Sorry, old man, we can't afford it."

From time to time such conversation takes place. But there is another side.

The other day Mother and son took a basket on to the hills, hoping to bring goose-grass and milk thistles home to the five hens and one rabbit which share a run together.

The Sun shone; the larks sang; Christopher could see five churches, one for each of his years.

He must have felt that it was good to be alive even if you could not have a pony, because he suddenly burst out: "I'm so glad you can afford me, Mummie!"

THE GREAT SCRUBBER

Men and women who dislike going down on their hands and knees to scrub and rub should welcome the introduction of a machine which will clean big floors. It is a welcome successor to the vacuum cleaner.

The new scrubbing machine has been invented by Mr. A. J. Babbs, a Manchester engineer. It runs on casters and consists of two tanks, a sprinkler, a rotating brush, and a mop; a tiny motor supplies the power.

When the motor is started water flows from one tank through sprinklers on to the floor, the brush scrubs, and the mop picks up the dirty water and carries it to the second tank, where it is squeezed out, filtered, and forced by a pump into the first tank ready for sprinkling again.

GRAF ZEPPELIN'S BIG SISTER A New Wonder of the Sky

The LZ 129 is soon to be launched and to begin regular passenger traffic between Germany and South America.

She is to take twice as many passengers as the Graf Zeppelin, and to travel faster, at 80 miles an hour. The big engines, driven by heavy oil, are ready for fixing. The 16 gasbags are made of rubber fabric.

The only great structural changes are those due to the increase in size as compared with the Graf Zeppelin. The framework is finished and is being covered in, the striking contrast being between the enormous size of the skeleton and the small accommodation for passengers. The total length is 750 feet, and the greatest diameter 126.

Dr Eckener, who has been so successful in running the Graf Zeppelin, points out that the bigger an airship is the more profitable she is likely to be, whereas the opposite is the case with aeroplanes.

The water question is being settled by the simple device of collecting the rain-water which falls on the immense surface of the envelope. In case of emergency the 20 tons of water in the tanks can be thrown overboard with 50 tons of heavy fuel.

The Graf Zeppelin is a beautiful sight as she catches the sunlight, and we look forward to seeing her bigger sister.

THE CHURCHES MUST BE FREE

German Protestants Standing Firm

A step of very great significance has been taken by the German Churches who are protesting against the tyranny of the Nazis.

At Augsburg, where 405 years ago a statement of the Lutheran doctrine was signed by all the Protestant German princes and presented to the Emperor Charles, the leaders of the Confessional Movement have drawn up an address to the State.

They have asserted the principle that obedience contrary to the divine commandments cannot be given, and that no earthly power can absolve the Church from its obedience to God.

In another document they remind their congregations of this vital principle, adding that when a pastor is taken away his congregation must continue to hold services, in their own homes in case of need.

All the decisions at this new Augsburg Synod were unanimous, and the address to the State is both dignified and moderate in language.

THE PEOPLE WITH THE PRESIDENT

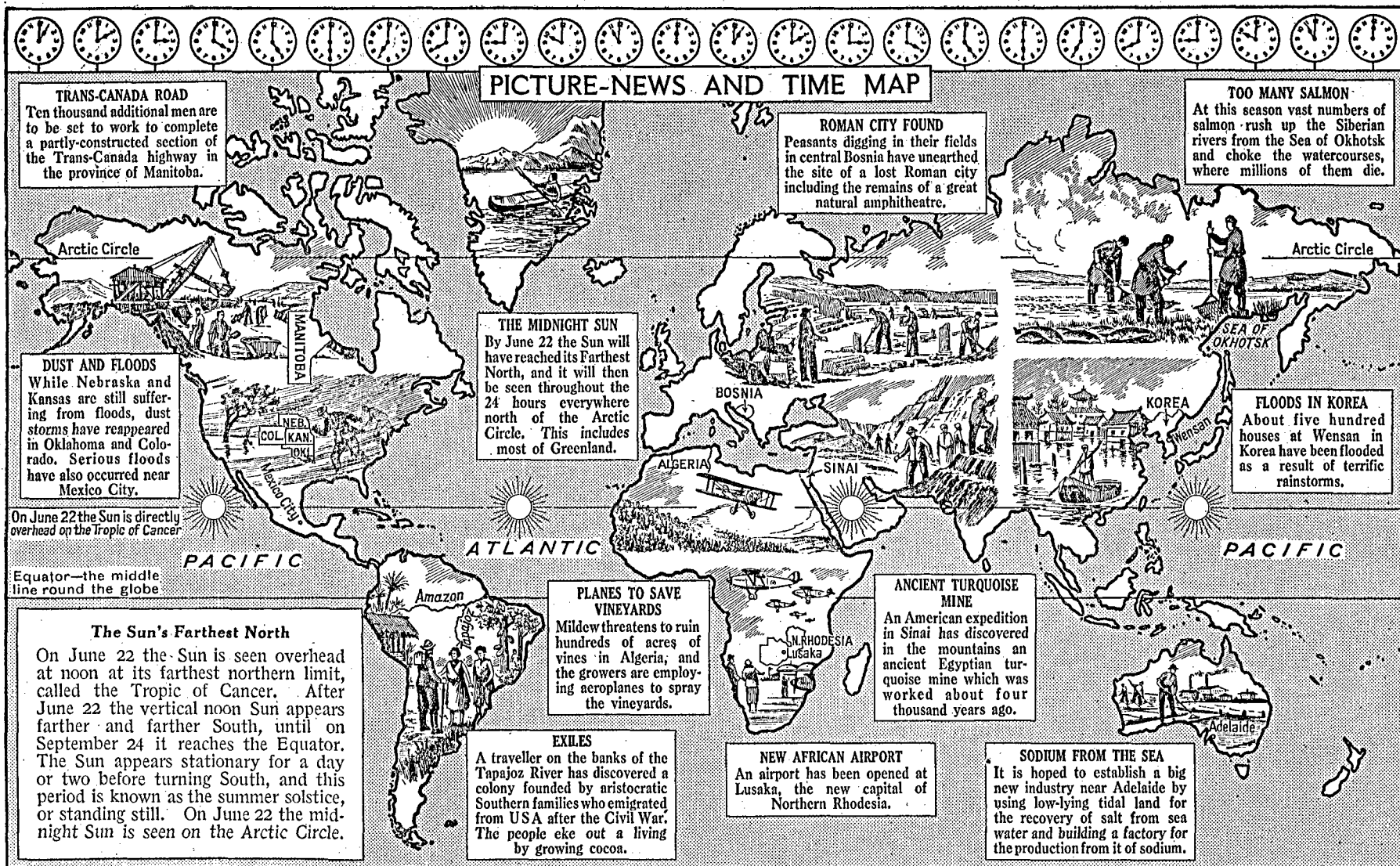
A Great Step Has Been Taken

The Supreme Court's blow to President Roosevelt's New Deal is being immediately met by emergency measures.

In the meantime it is good to know that the Roosevelt legislation, although declared illegal, leaves an indelible mark. Great undertakings, from iron to cotton, are pledging themselves to carry on voluntarily with the rules of the New Deal.

Wall Street speculators are hostile, but that need not surprise us. What is important is that the mass of American feeling is with the President.

All federal government contracts will enforce fair wages and hours, and the National Recovery administration will remain in being, even though in a modified form and no longer exerting the force of law. At least a great step forward has been taken from which there can be no going back.



A SOLDIER'S LETTER OF LONG AGO £250 For a Penny Stamp

Sold in 1855 for a penny each, two rare New Zealand stamps changed hands recently for £250.

The stamps were printed in London in 1854 and sent out to New Zealand for the use of the soldiers and sailors then serving in the new colony. These men were privileged to send their letters for a penny instead of twopence. As most of these soldier letters came to England the pink penny stamps of 1855 were always rare in New Zealand.

Stamp collectors say that of the original 12,000 penny stamps sent to New Zealand 80 years ago there are probably about a hundred copies still in existence. As they were the first penny stamps used in New Zealand they are valued highly by collectors.

THE NEW ROCKET

A great multitude of boys have been interested in the arrival at the Science Museum of George Stephenson's Rocket, rebuilt as a full-sized replica by the original firm of Robert Stephenson and Company.

The replica represents the Rocket just as it appeared in 1829, when it successfully competed in the Rainhill trials. It is sectioned to show the interior of the boiler and the working parts and can be seen in motion.

Our energetic Minister of Transport unveiled the engine and took occasion to echo our complaint that we have no engine-testing station like the one at Vitry in France.

GRIST TO THE MILL

The terrible dust storms which ravaged the American plains brought grist to the mill of a livestock shipper of Colorado.

While the wind was blowing hard he shipped lambs to Kansas, and he found that they had gained in weight by the journey.

The merchants paid the price of lamb for about five pounds of dust deposited by the wind in the wool of each lamb.

WORLD'S IDLE YOUNG One in Four

The I.L.O. tells us that its estimate of the young people unemployed throughout the world is six to seven millions. By young people is meant those under 25.

The world's unemployed is estimated at 25 millions, so that the young are over a fourth. The special seriousness of this problem is to be found in the unfortunate consequences of continued idleness for young people.

As to measures of alleviation, the I.L.O. mentions the minimum age for leaving school, which should be fixed at not less than 15; the creation of more technical schools; the organisation of training centres in connection with public employment agencies; and the establishment of recreation centres, physical training centres, and reading rooms for the young unemployed.

BETTER NEWS OF OUR OLDEST COLONY

Newfoundland was recently placed under a special Commission of Government because it had so signally failed in the art of self-government.

This loss of autonomy was bitterly resented by many of our oldest colony's citizens, and there have been many attacks on the Commissioners.

The Commission's report, however, shows that a good deal has been faithfully done to right a difficult situation. Trade and employment are better, although still poor enough. That disease of poor living, beri-beri, is now rare, and there is a greater diffusion of comfort.

£11 FOR £10

The Bank of England gives an interesting report on Retail Sales. Taking the average daily sales of 1933 as 100, it shows that last April the index advanced to 111, which means an improvement of 11 per cent over 1933.

This index is based on returns from big stores, shops, cooperative societies, and independent shops. It is good to know that we are spending £11 for every £10 spent in 1933.

THE DRIVER'S WIRELESS French Railways Do a Fine Thing

Every engine-driver on the State Railways of France is to have a wireless telephone in his cabin.

Wireless telephones are also to be installed in the signal-boxes and stations on the system so that, wherever he may be, the driver of an express or a goods train will be in immediate communication with those responsible for the safety of his journey.

The telephone uses short wavelengths and is constructed so that the metal used on the train and its track does not interfere with clear speech.

THE SPEED ROADS

Germany has copied another thing from Italy, the idea of the Autostrada, the special speed roads for motor-traffic.

These roads are reserved for speeding vehicles which pay toll for using them.

Pictures received here show what splendid thoroughfares these Italian and German roads are, and in both countries their making has been a factor in dealing with unemployment.

As the speed road is wide, it is divided into two sections, so that head-on collisions are impossible, and each track is divided into two parts by a marked line, one part for regular driving, the other for overtaking.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Hoppner's portrait of his wife	£12,075
Portrait by Lawrence	£9975
Portrait by Romney	£5460
Galway's Sword and Mace	£5000
Portrait by Gainsborough	£3465
Anglo-Saxon ox horn	£1950
Silver toilet service, 1691	£1700
Four beakers and a cover, 1664	£1141
Silver kettle stand and lamp, 1713	£765
Drawing by Rembrandt	£450
Pencil drawing by Corot	£400
Apostle spoon, 1507	£260
An Edward VI spoon	£205

OPENINGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS Too Many Clerks

The Central Schools of London have some 30,000 pupils, and an Employment Committee tries to make the best of the excellent raw material they provide.

The range of occupations is wide, but it is regrettable to notice that it is easier to place a clerk than a craftsman.

The schools provide both technical and commercial training, and the Committee reports of the technically trained boys that there is much to commend these to employers, for they receive a sound general education combined with excellent instruction in art and handicraft. The fine quality of the work executed by boys of 15, notably in various branches of metal work, should not escape the notice of employers.

As for girls of 15 to 16 the demand in London greatly exceeds the supply.

THE PRESIDENT'S MEDAL

President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia has had a special medal given to him.

It is given for devotion to an ideal (which is being put into practice day by day), the ideal of true democracy, and the medal is presented by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation because of President Wilson's devotion to the same ideal.

Masaryk, in his own book about the building-up of Czecho-Slovakia, closes its pages with a description of his idea of democracy as the "political form of the humane ideal," based on "the teaching of Jesus and His law of life."

A PROFESSOR IN YOUR POCKET

One of the best little books we have seen is Professor Skene's Flower Book for the Pocket.

Who would not have such a professor in his pocket? What he does not know of our British wild flowers none of us need want to know, and here it is, with descriptions of 844 species and colour pictures of 500. The book is published by the Oxford University Press at 7s 6d.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 22 1935

Trees and Beauty

It is good that the Forestry Commissioners have enlisted the aid of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England.

We have joined with those who deplore the sacrifice of our hardwood trees and the devotion of forestry solely to the quickly grown commercial conifers. Now we may hope for more planting of beech and chestnut, oak and ash. And why not also groves of the lovely crabs and thorns and ornamental maples?

Since the war we have done wonders to recover our lost ground in forestry, but it is still open to question whether we have not neglected too much the deciduous, broad-leaved trees which are needed not for beauty alone, but for a very real utility.

The Germans have a long experience in afforestation, and they have learned certain lessons. A friendly German, Herr Alwin Seifert, who is a tree expert and landscape adviser of the German road system, warns us against planting conifers too freely.

Nature is hitting back at the German forest men. Hordes of moths infest the pine forests, for with the destruction of all the broad-leaved trees the birds withdrew, and the Germans can do nothing to save the life of the conifers except to spread arsenic from aeroplanes. The caterpillars may be killed by this means, but all the rest of animal life meets the same fate.

Our friend tells us that now, painfully and with much expense of time and money, the Germans seek to retrace their steps. By inserting patches of broad-leaved trees they seek to refashion the masses of conifers into mixed woods containing a large variety of trees of various kinds, sizes, and ages. But now there are added handicaps. The soil, almost sterilised by having been withdrawn so long from its natural turnover, has to reconstitute itself. Nothing grows under firs.

Conifers may well succeed in the higher altitudes of England, and the spruce on the mountains of Scotland. The Scots pine does well, we know, in many places, and the Douglas fir should succeed also in parts of England.

But conifers were planted in Germany, and are planted here, largely because they grow quickly and yield a revenue in a generation, and this now appears a shortsighted policy.

Those who love woodlands will rejoice in this vindication of beauty. Nature knew what she was about when she gave us the majestic oak and beech. A little knowledge was leading us astray. The birds will rejoice that man has discovered his mistake.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Curious

SOMEBODY has been pointing out that a very peculiar thing happened in France the other week.

In forming his Ministry M. Bouisson offered M. Roy, who was Minister for Public Works under M. Flandin, the office of Minister of Agriculture.

M. Roy politely refused the honour. Why? For the altogether incredible reason that he, M. Roy, *did not pretend to know anything about agriculture!*

It will set an entirely new fashion in making Governments if great men refuse to become Ministers merely because they know nothing of the work offered them to do. We all know what W. S. Gilbert wrote in the comic opera Pinafore:

*He polished up that handle so carefree
That they made him the ruler of the King's Navee.*

Motorist v Motorist

THE road casualties again show that they are mainly suffered by motorists themselves and those who ride with them.

Of 132 people killed in one week 72 were drivers or their passengers and 60 were pedestrians. Of 4966 people injured 3363 were drivers or their passengers and 1603 pedestrians.

Yet it is astounding that so many motorists persist in regarding safety regulations as hostile to them. What we have to do, apparently, is to save motorists from themselves. It has been one of the most regrettable incidents in recent public affairs that the A A has felt it needful to oppose so many of the wise steps taken by our Minister of Transport.

The Better Way

We have seen proud nations lose heart and surrender themselves to a dictator. It is for us to show a better way, to prove to the world that civilisation has twin foundations, and that, if one of them is law, the other is liberty.

Mr John Buchan

Bolts From the Blue

THE Air Ministry is to be congratulated on making rules to prevent air collisions, the risk of which is rapidly growing. Airmen on cross-country flights must avoid cloud-flying as much as possible, and so forth.

The public has a deep interest in these matters, for invasion from the air is no trifle. Low flying is common, and may be caused at any time by engine or other mechanical defect. The other day in Surrey a passenger aeroplane swooped on to a golf course, compelled to do so by some defect. In seeking a landing-place it just scraped over the roof of a private house. Then a relief plane arrived, and that also flew within eight feet of the top of the chimneys of the same house.

It is a sort of liberty which should be disallowed.

Going Ahead

AGAIN we have to congratulate the Postmaster-General.

Cheap telegrams have nearly doubled the number of telegrams transmitted.

Why not apply the same excellent conception of small profits and quick returns to the telephone, the dearest thing in England?

And please will he give us some well-designed stamps?

Tip-Cat

A MOTHER who goes hiking takes her baby in a bag on her back. Doesn't want the child to be forward.

A DOMESTIC servant says she always goes by first impressions. Doesn't wait to be given notice.

As regards flowers, people still prefer the old favourites. Yet the others are dearer.

A FAMOUS cricketer refuses to be interviewed. When interviewers call he's out.

It is claimed that a New York man has been living with only part of a brain. We know men nearer home who live with none at all.

Peter Puck
Wants to
Know

Why men of
standing in
town have
country seats



A MODERN poet has written a poem on a lady's face. Economical.

A BILLSTICKER has saved a small fortune. He'll stick to it.

BUTTONHOLES Returning, says a headline. But the buttons are usually off.

BIRD watching calls for patience, somebody says. Doesn't the noise scare the birds?

THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE total of small savings in this country now reaches £56 for every man, woman, and child.

TEN thousand children opened post office bank accounts in May.

THE new Geological Museum has a hundred thousand books and papers and about a million specimens.

JUST AN IDEA

Perhaps we should gain more in trying to bring out what is in ourselves than in trying to bring in what we find outside.

He Nothing Common Did or Mean

THERE is a strange and tragic thing among the Stuart relics exhibited at Nottingham Castle now.

It is a pearl earring which has long been treasured by the family of the Duke of Portland, and with it is a piece of paper on which Queen Mary of Orange wrote:

The pearl was taken out of the king's ear after he was beheaded, and given to the Princess Royal.

All the world knows that Charles put on a second shirt because it was a bitter morning on January 30, 1649, and he did not want people to see him shiver, lest they should think it was from fear. Now we know also that he put on pearl earrings. It was customary for the Cavaliers to wear jewelry, and an earring seemed to them no more foppish than a tie-pin. Perhaps Charles meant to dress exactly as usual, and to show people that he had not dressed in haste or terror.

Be that as it may, the earring seems a strange relic of the bleak day when, as the Puritan poet wrote:

*He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed.*

The Game's the Thing

WE are in the midst of our summer games, and the point is well worth making that those games are best for us that cultivate the team spirit.

Such are cricket, football, hockey, lacrosse, polo, and others, in which the player can not only display individual prowess but can play for his side, not hesitating to sacrifice his score or his position if by so doing he can help his fellows to win.

Lawn tennis, on the other hand, although one of the most splendid of games for the individual, does little for the team spirit, while golf is hardly a game at all, the ball being never in contest between the players.

There is no doubt that it is the team game, of which cricket is the supreme example, which is of the greatest value in producing the real sportsman. It is not at all amusing that that name should be applied to putting a shilling on a horse or shooting a bird.

True Resource

THERE are people who can rise to any emergency.

Such was the Indian cook about whom we have just been reading in Florence Riddell's new book of memoirs. When there was a sand-storm he would alter the first word on the menu. Clear soup would be changed to Thik.

Gerald Massey's Prayer

Dear God in heaven, keep without stain
My bosom's brooding Dove:
O clothe it meet for Angel-arms
And give it place above!
For there is nothing from the world
I yearn to take but Love.

Gerald Massey

THE FILIPINOS A NEW NATION IN THE PACIFIC

The Most Fortunate People in
Asia Face a Change

COUNTING THEIR BLESSINGS

Independence was the dream of the Philippine Islands long before they came under American rule with the dawn of our century; and now that their wish has come true thinking Filipinos are beginning to wonder if it is altogether a good thing.

Instead of greeting with joy the news that President Roosevelt had signed the Constitution making them free in ten years, many of the islanders have taken a gloomy view of things, and the world has seen the strange sight of a revolt against the new Constitution, staged by a group of Radicals called Sakdalists. The Filipinos have at last begun to count their blessings under American rule and to wonder if they will ever be able to do as well for themselves. Many think that under home rule at least half the population must die of starvation.

Astonishing Progress

Since the islands were taken over from Spain in 1899 they have made astonishing progress. The population has more than doubled, the wage-level has trebled, and the standard of living today is four times as high as that of any of their Asiatic neighbours.

The islands sell abroad more than they buy, and this brings money to their coffers, which has been well spent on health services and education. The islands have nothing to pay for defence, so their whole public wealth may go for the good of the people. Schools have multiplied, there is a large staff of school and welfare nurses, as well as competent school dentists established by the Junior Red Cross. The result is that ill-health is being rapidly conquered and most Filipinos are living to a ripe old age. This, added to a high birthrate, has caused a vast increase in population.

A Rich Market

During these years of prosperity the Philippines have had a rich market in the United States, where their goods entered free. Their principal export is sugar, a million tons going to America every year, along with great quantities of tobacco, copra, coconut oil, and embroideries. With the coming of independence exports from the Philippines will have to pay duty on entering America, like goods from other countries.

This fact delights American sugar interests, but it means death to the chief industry of the islands unless some other way out can be found. They have five years to seek a solution; after that a tax will be levied, rising to the full amount at the end of the ten years when complete independence will be achieved.

The Problem of Defence

When these ten years are up it will be the problem of the Philippines to defend themselves. The cost of an army, navy, and air force sufficient to enable them to hold their own in the Orient, taken from their reduced national income, must fall on the backs of the people and ruin those social services which have gone so far to advance civilisation among them.

Dare this new nation face the world without arms? The fate of Manchukuo at the hands of Japan makes them think they dare not. Indeed, a Japanese authority has said that Japan will content herself with selling goods in the Philippines "as long as they are courteous and peaceful, but if there is chaos in the independent Philippines then it will be the duty of a civilised nation to step in and use force." This is a sinister threat that must be viewed with forebodings alike by Australia, China, and the Dutch East Indies.

While the Filipinos have grown by leaps and bounds in numbers, health,

A LITTLE LAUGHTER IS A DANGEROUS THING

IN Copenhagen the other day three burglars were caught rifling a chemist's shop.

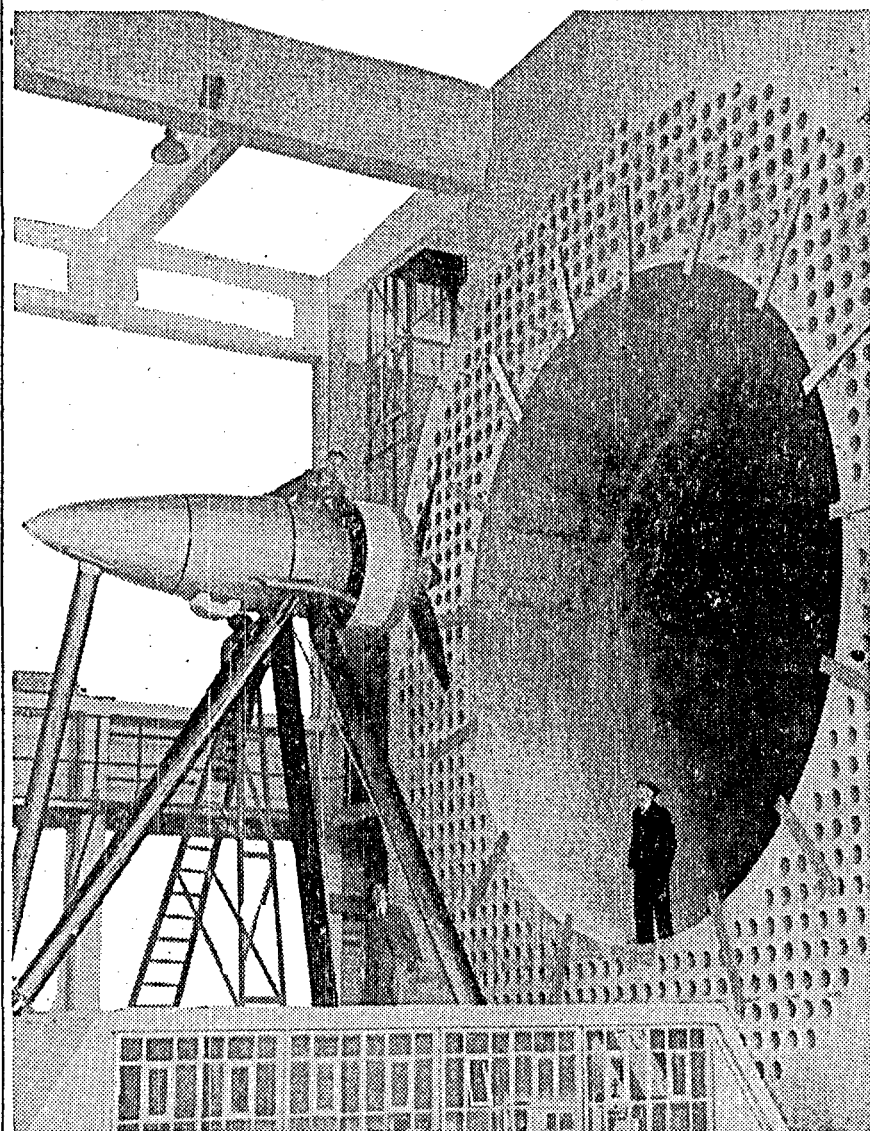
It was strongly suspected that other and more serious burglaries were to be laid to their charge; but, though there was plenty of evidence against them, none of it was conclusive enough to convict them unless they themselves pleaded guilty, and they persisted obstinately in denying everything.

The prosecutor tried every means to trap them into confession, but without avail; the three hardened criminals withstood every attempt until, by the purest chance, a random word pierced their armour. After having once again enumerated at length all the charges against them, the lawyer looked at them solemnly and asked: "And what

about those cream puffs you stole the other day?"

To be gravely accused of having stolen cream puffs when you have been making a habit of burglary with violence was too much for the sense of humour of the three men. They looked at each other with a grin which grew broader and broader till it broke into a wild peal of laughter as unexpected as it was refreshing. When they had recovered from it their resistance was broken. "Weak with laughter," as the saying is, they admitted everything they had been accused of, and, justice having nothing to do with humour, were eventually awarded the sentences they deserved. They looked at each other ruefully after judgment had been pronounced. "That laugh cost us dear," said one of them,

THE WIND TUNNEL



An engine with its mounting which has been set up for testing purposes in the new wind tunnel at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough.

Continued from the previous column

wealth, and happiness under American supervision, their ability to look after themselves has worsened. Every effort has been spent to produce crops for export, while diversified farming for home consumption has gone by the board. The result is that if the country is to become self-supporting in a tariff-ridden world the people must, in the next ten years, re-learn the processes of farming and fishing forgotten in their pursuit of foreign gold.

The waters of these tropical isles are among the richest in the world, yet the Filipinos import fish. The islands can produce rice easily, yet they pay for foreign rice, and buy wheat flour and dairy products. Vegetables, fruits, nuts, and meat account for eight millions spent abroad every year while the energy of Filipinos fills American sugar bowls.

With the sugar bowls closed by high duties the Filipinos will be obliged to turn their attention to supplying their own bowls with home-grown foods. We do not say it cannot be done, but it

will demand a complete change in the way of life of the people as well as a great deal of wise planning and of administrative control difficult for a new and inexperienced Government to muster.

In the next two decades C.N. readers will see an absorbing and significant drama enacted in these important islands of the Pacific Ocean. Everyone wonders what the outcome will be.

AMERICA'S SEABOARDS To Cost £111,000,000 a Year

In April Congress voted over £90,000,000 for the American Navy, the biggest sum ever appropriated for the purpose in time of peace.

By 1942 her Navy will cost America £111,000,000 a year for upkeep, men, and replacements.

This great force is maintained because America has two long seaboard facing the great oceans, and because of the enormous naval strength of Japan, who refuses to be bound by treaty.

THE ONE CLEAR CALL GREAT SAILOR PASSES ON

The Brain That Never Failed
the Fleet

ADMIRAL MADDEN, O.M.

*Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.*

A great sailor passed on when Admiral Sir Charles Madden embarked on his last voyage.

He is not lost to the land he served so diligently, for his work was done and the fruits of it remain. For more than half a century he had given his best to the Navy which is proud to call itself the Silent Service. His share in its direction and conduct was performed so silently that many of his countrymen never heard of him and few knew him for the great man he was.

Admiral Jellicoe's Tribute

But the Navy knew, and his Commander-in-Chief in the war, Admiral Jellicoe, said of him, "I owe him more than I can say." And the King knew, conferring on him the highest honour in his power to bestow, the Order of Merit.

The King marked the most conspicuous fact of his career when, after a visit to his flagship, he signalled to him a message noting that he had served as an admiral afloat for over ten years, including the whole of the war.

He should have gone to the Admiralty in the year the war began, but the sailors who had to fight knew better than to allow him to be secluded there, and on the war's very first day he was summoned to be Admiral Jellicoe's right-hand man.

In that position as Chief-of-Staff all the hard and secret work of organisation and the coordination of the units of the Grand Fleet fell on his never-failing shoulders. Behind his impenetrable face and in his uncommunicative brain lay the knowledge of the position of every squadron and ship, their movements from day to day and hour to hour, and the extent to which they must be modified by the movements of the enemy. His head was like the telephone exchange of the Fleet, to which wireless messages from every portion of the battle area were sent to be assorted.

Judgment and Discretion

When offence was substituted for defence the same brain had to work out the plans for battle, and so order them that the manoeuvres might be altered when the unexpected came. The harmonious working of the Fleet and the good understanding between its officers depended on his judgment and discretion. He brought to this great and delicate task not only judgment, which was his chief gift, but his long experience of fleets, his talent for organisation, his tremendous capacity for work. The highest compliment paid to him by the commander who depended on him was that "he was always there."

The war served to emphasise what the Navy knew of him, and was the final proof that his whole career, his industry, knowledge, and intelligence had been directed to supreme usefulness in the hour of need. When it was over he might have preferred to relapse into inconspicuous retirement, thinking it enough that he had been handsomely thanked by King and Commons for his services. But again the Navy knew better, and kept him at the Admiralty till he was in his 68th year, four years ago.

Canada's population is now 10,835,000.

Between 1920 and 1934 the Crystal Palace has paid £131,554 in entertainment tax.

The chaplain of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company has a parish 1800 miles long and 18 inches wide, the route of the great Pipeline.

NEWS FROM THE PYRAMIDS

RECENT DISCOVERIES

The Day Boat and Night Boat of Khafra

AN UNDERGROUND CAVERN

For well over a century men have been digging up the sand which has accumulated to great depths over the civilisation of Egypt.

Ancient cities with their great temples to the mystic gods of Old Egypt have been uncovered by the spade; the bodies of the age-old dead, marvellously preserved, have been brought to the light of the present day; and, above all, the gaunt and silent Pyramids at Gizeh, tombs built by the Pharaohs for themselves, have excited the interest of the explorers.

The Mysterious Sphinx

Many discoveries have been made of late years in connection with the mysterious Sphinx, which, gazing for ever over the desert with its stony face from its position near the Second Pyramid, has always presented an unanswerable riddle to man. This Sphinx is believed to have been formed in the rock by order of the Pharaoh Khafra, a king of the Third Dynasty, who erected for his own tomb the Second Pyramid.

Excavations are now proceeding on the site of this pyramid, Professor Selim Hassan conducting the search for the secrets of his own racial ancestors on behalf of the Egyptian University.

The latest discovery made by the professor is that of a cavern 30 feet underground, a little way east of the pyramid. This cavern, about 105 feet long and nearly 20 feet high, is in the shape of a huge boat, bulging in the centre, and is roofed with slabs of limestone. In the East it rises to a high poop, to which a short flight of steps leads up, and in the West it rises to a similar prow.

When a king of ancient Egypt died he was identified with the sun god Ra, and was believed to follow the Sun across the heavens by day in a sacred boat. It was believed that at night, when the Sun ran under the world from West to East to reappear in the East the next morning, Pharaoh changed into another boat, which they called a night boat.

An Unseen Journey

The day boat of the Pharaoh Khafra the professor discovered some little time ago, cut in the exposed rock from which he had cleared away tons of sand.

The underground cavern, which he believes is the night boat, he has only just unearthed; it is between the pyramid and the day boat. The Egyptians concealed the night boat from sight because the night journey of the Sun is itself unseen.

In the rock separating the two boats an artificial depression has been made, forming a sort of lake, and the professor thinks the water was used for some religious rite in connection with the dead king. He also found cut in the granite of the pyramid the name and titles of Pharaoh Khafra.

TOO MUCH BRACKEN?

Although bracken is a delight to the town-dweller, who is accustomed to pavements and shop windows, many Scottish farmers are finding it a menace. So much has its encroachment increased that a deputation has asked for Government help.

The sooner something is done the better, for the spread of bracken is causing an increase of maggot fly, which is doing damage among sheep and causing serious losses.

Experiments are to be made in cutting and spraying the bracken.

A BRAVE OLD LADY WRITES A BOOK

Everyone who loves courage and adventure must love Sunset to Evening Star, the book written by Marina King in her 78th year.

She was born on a farm in Cape Colony. Soon afterwards her father was called upon to join a band of settlers who were fighting Hottentot raiders. One day his wife saw Hottentots approaching. She had to hide her baby and little boy with their nurse, and then saddle a horse and ride for many miles to get help.

All the time she remembered another occasion when Hottentots burned her husband's farm and they only just managed to escape with their lives. Luckily the children's hiding-place was not discovered, and help came in time.

A Dangerous Journey

But drought drove them from the farm in the end. The family, and the remains of their stock, set off for Natal. They travelled all those dangerous and difficult miles and crossed the Drakensberg Mountains in ox-wagons. Then they built barns and a high fence of timber and finally a house. Leopards, wild dogs hunting in huge packs, and bushmen raided the farm at intervals, but the family held on.

In addition to ordinary jobs the mother and daughter had to make all the candles and soaps and medicines.

One day there came to Africa a cheerful young ex-naval lieutenant named Charles Woodroffe, who was a great friend of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward the Seventh. He wanted to buy a farm in Africa. He and Marina King fell in love and were married.

Dearly did they love their farm, and hard did they work upon it, but sickness swept away their cattle and they were forced to sell the land. Lieutenant Woodroffe got a job in Zanzibar; then his wife fell ill, and the doctor forbade her to live in that part of Africa.

Starting Again

Woodroffe went to the goldfields and pegged out some claims. His wife followed, travelling for weeks through country where there was no sign of a human dwelling. She started a restaurant close to the goldfields. It was a great success.

But when a road was built it avoided her house and passed near a rival, who took away all her customers. She and her husband had to start again elsewhere.

By South African mining law an owner or his agent must turn a sod on every claim he has pegged once a month. If not the claim lapses.

When the Woodroffes moved a man offered to turn their sods for them. It would be some return, he said, for Mrs Woodroffe's kindness in nursing his wife through weeks of fever.

He allowed a month to go by, and then pegged the claims for himself.

But success came in the end. Although the book tells of so many disappointments—of Bush Fire and drought and cattle plague, of Zulu War and Boer War and bereavements—yet it is a cheerful book.

One More Adventure

At 74 the twice-widowed woman was told that she had a weak heart, must leave her beloved home because the altitude was too great.

She determined to enjoy one more adventure, so she drove from the Cape right across Africa, through cannibal districts, swamps, countries where lions snarled and tsetse-flies swarmed, to Cairo and then to England.

On that last great journey she was the only one with a gun. She took a native boy of 14, a chauffeur, and her adopted daughter in an ordinary saloon car.

After such a life as hers England must seem a little dull, and so at 77 she starts a new adventure, and writes a book.

Seldom did a life-story more clearly prove the truth of Hugh Walpole's saying, "It's not life that matters, but the courage you bring to it."

CITY SEES ITS PAST

Nottingham's Great Pageant

18 CENTURIES OF HISTORY

The city of Nottingham, which has transformed itself with much splendour in our time, has been seeing itself and its county in pageantry.

The history of the county not only provides a study of engrossing interest, but lends itself admirably to pageantry, and Wollaton Park, the great pleasure ground of Nottingham, has been the scene of one of the best of all the pageants of Jubilee Year.

The site of the pageant is a glorious green stretch of 749 acres enclosing Wollaton Hall, the massive Tudor edifice which was once the seat of the Willoughbys and is now used for civic purposes and as a natural history museum. It provided an impressive background for the colourful scenes.

Six thousand performers took part in the pageant, and among the famous characters represented were Boadicea, the British Warrior Queen; Paulinus, the Roman missionary who baptised Christian converts at Southwell in 630 A.D.; Coifi, high priest of Woden; the Conqueror, Mary Queen of Scots, Cardinal Wolsey (who passed through Nottingham before his death at Leicester), Charles Stuart (who raised his standard in Nottingham at the outbreak of the Civil War).

Robin Hood

Thousands of children have thrilled to the stories of the exciting adventures of Robin Hood and his Merry Men of Sherwood Forest; and this band of famous outlaws was not forgotten in the pageant of Notts, for the stalwart Robin, with his renowned long bow and his Maid Marian, had an episode all to themselves.

Much of the picturesqueness of the pageant was contributed by the episodes dealing with the days of the Romans in Britain, especially the rides in Roman chariots. There was a model of the pagan god Woden who was be-headed twice a day; a white mule for Cardinal Wolsey, horses and hunting hounds, and a litter for Domatilla carried by twelve slaves.

The nine episodes covered the long period of 18 centuries. The pageant orchestra included 100 players and the chorus was 500 strong. The writer was Mr W. T. McIntire, the producer Mr Nugent Monck, and the director Mr E. Baring.

Picture on page 9

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

The German and the Jew

The position of the Jews in Germany goes from bad to worse.

It is reported that intense persecution has spread to Munich, stimulated by an anti-Jewish paper. The lot of the German Jew, who is to be denied citizenship, has become pitiable, and the great nation of Germany is disgraced before all humanity by her systematic and official cruelty to over 500,000 of the people within her gates.

The cruelty is the more deplorable and the more unwise because it is practised by a people who hold themselves to be greatly wronged. We believe that Germany has in some ways suffered unjustly, but her sufferings have not the shame, the bitterness, the humiliation, which she is deliberately inflicting on her Jewish citizens.

A correspondent of The Times says that even Jews who served in the war are persecuted. At Munich a Jewish firm whose chief was three times wounded in the war had its windows smashed. Village notice-boards are erected which say "Jews not wanted here." The Bavarians are naturally a kindly people, and it is difficult to believe that they can practise such gross cruelty.

THE PLAY STREET

Transport Minister's Gift To Children

SAFETY BEFORE ALL

One of the finest of the many fine things Mr Hore-Belisha has done for the nation is his encouragement of the idea of the Play Street.

Already a great success in the North of England, as the C.N. has often pointed out, it is to be tried in London, and certain streets have been set apart in Southwark and Paddington for children to play in, being entirely closed to through traffic.

The kerbs are to be painted green, and only vehicles driving to addresses in the street will be allowed.

These are the streets in which this experiment is to be tried, the last in Paddington and the others in Southwark.

Alpha Street.	Sedan Street
Content Street	Tarver Road
Lebanon Street	Hethpool Street

How urgent such a step has become is gathered from a report in which the London Education Committee points out that in London alone 4500 boys and girls of school age are killed or injured in an average year.

This is one in every 150. Boys suffer twice as much as girls, because they play more. The most dangerous age is 5 to 10.

Organised Games

The Council recommends the Committee on Road Safety to adopt the following measures:

Provide attractive organised games outside school hours to draw children out of the streets.

Better school playgrounds, open out of school hours.

Instruction by various means in avoiding traffic, including the use of lantern slides.

Evidence has also been given on this subject at the Committee on Road Safety, and the National Union of Teachers makes suggestions relating to school exits and entrances and to the protection of children after school hours.

It is urged that school gates should never open on a main road or near a bus or tram stop, and that the best protection at the gates is a policeman.

It is good to see that something is being done at last. Our energetic Minister of Transport has already conferred on many fathers and mothers the gift of quiet sleep; now he adds to his benefactions the gift of play to our little ones. Politics have much humanity in them if the heart is right.

FIXING FRONTIERS

A Precedent For Mussolini

The British and Belgian Governments agree to abide by the League's approval of a frontier in East Africa.

The mandated territories of Tanganyika and Ruanda Urundi are separated from each other by a boundary which, to say the least of it, is not very fixed. It runs along river beds and over rapids, across marshes and mud flats, through islands and over mainland, and parts of it are extremely liable to lose themselves altogether. Stone pillars, all numbered, are set up as boundary beacons and straight lines drawn from one to the next.

The description of the lines running between pillar Number 60 and pillar Number 72 are contained in a document lately published by the Mandates Section of the League in accordance with a treaty drawn up between the King of the Belgians and King George.

We commend this international action as an example to be followed in the case of another uncertain boundary, dividing Italian territory from Abyssinia. After King George and King Leopold, why not Signor Mussolini and Haile Silassie?

THIS MAD WORLD Plans To Make It Poorer TOO MUCH BREAD FOR HUNGRY PEOPLE

Men, it seems, have not wit enough to devise a money system capable of setting the world free to buy and consume what it produces.

Therefore it sets up international committees to reduce supply, to make the world poorer.

In 1933 the International Wheat Advisory Committee reviewed the world's wheat and made a plan to cut down crops.

They have just met again and taken note of the fact that, while two successive crop failures in North America resulted in a temporary easing of the position, the maintenance of the present level of world wheat acreage must result in the accumulation in wheat-exporting countries of further surpluses.

Accordingly the 21 nations (parties to the wheat agreement) are to be asked to cut down crops again.

Yet all over the world there are millions without enough bread. In our own country, one of the best fed in the world, how many children would be glad of a little more!

A VERY BAD THING Sunday Building

We gladly reproduce the words of a London citizen who complains that Sunday building is in progress in West London. He says, writing from somewhere in the West End:

Since Sunday April 28 we have not had a peaceful day in our district. Some luxury flats are in course of erection, and on weekdays, including Saturdays, work starts at 7 and ends at 7 some days and at 9 on others. On Sundays it begins regularly at 9 and does not cease until 6.30.

We, who work all day in any occupation, expect and need one quiet day's rest out of the week. The noise of isolated hammering on steel and the movement of cranes, when all else is subdued on Sunday, is greatly intensified, and in time creates almost mental agony, which prevents any form of resting or reading.

Are there no laws to protect us from such outrages?

IN AND OUT OF ENGLAND Is the Tide Turning?

We are still receiving more British citizens than we part with.

In 1933 British immigrants exceeded British emigrants by 33,100; in 1934 the excess was reduced, but was still as high as 20,600.

Now we have the return for the first three months of this year, which shows that the inward balance was reduced to 900. If we take all migrants, British and foreign, we find that in the 12 months ended March 1934 there was an inward excess of 18,644, but for the three months ended last March there was an outward excess of 3929.

The tide of migration seems to be turning, but still we are receiving immigrants from our Dominions.

A GREAT IDEA JUSTIFIED Italy and the Forty-Hour Week

It will be remembered that Italy, failing international agreement to her proposal for a 40-hour week in industry, put the policy into action for a trial period of six months.

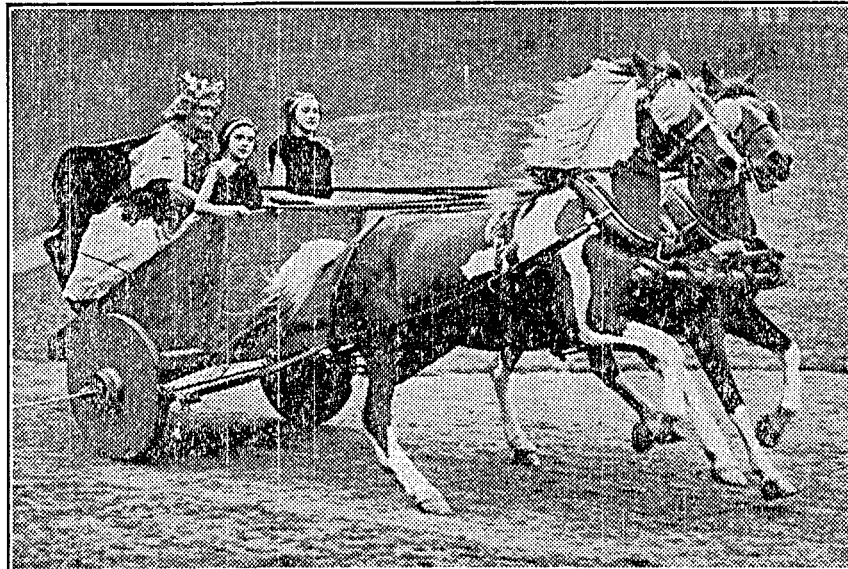
In April, at the expiration of this period, it was found that the unemployed had been reduced by 200,000 through the shorter week, and the agreement has been accordingly prolonged. It is probable that it will be made permanent.

Over 100,000 dogs are killed every year on our roads.

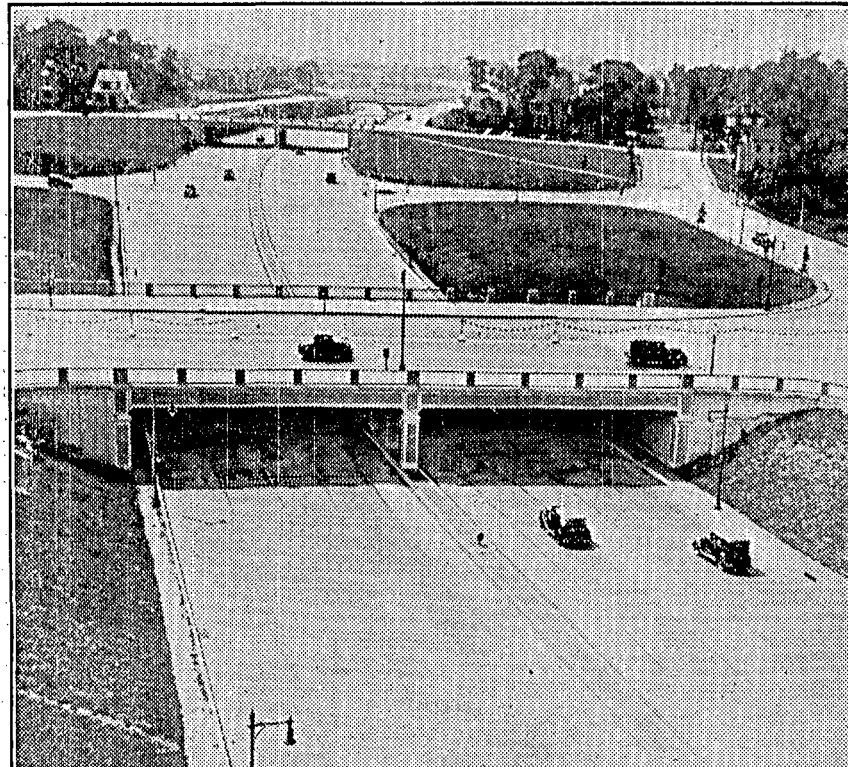
NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



A Little Brig on the Thames—A craft which serves to give the new cadets of the Nautical College at Pangbourne their first lessons in seamanship.



The Warrior Queen—Boadicea and her daughters driving in their chariot was one of the thrilling sights in the Nottingham pageant, described on the opposite page.



Safe Crossroads—On this New Jersey road America has adopted the idea of eliminating the most dangerous crossings by building bridges, an expensive but very effective measure.

A 30-FOOT PYTHON

HIS STAR TURN

Holiday-Makers Arrive at Whipsnade Zoo

SQUIRRELS FROM CEYLON

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Feeding-time in the Reptile House at the Zoo has become particularly interesting owing to the appetite of the 30-foot python.

From last October until the beginning of March this huge snake took no food at all. But in March he began to stir, and when offered food broke his fast by taking four chickens and a duck.

The following week he had a similar meal, but after that he again lost interest in food, for he was preparing to cast his skin.

A Meal of Chickens

At length, however, he recovered from the effects of this beautifying process and started to feed again, and since then he has been the "star turn" at feeding-time. Most weeks he takes as many as six chickens. He loses little time between each chicken and always follows the same procedure.

Although the chicken is already dead he carefully attacks it and goes through the process of constricting it, and then begins to swallow it head first.

The Small Mammal House has a pair of attractive new inmates. They are grizzly hill squirrels from Ceylon and, the first of their kind to be exhibited at the Zoo, are remarkable for their tameness.

They are real pets, and anyone can nurse and stroke them. They are about the size of a half-grown domestic cat and their colouring is grey-white streaked with dark brown, while on their paws they wear black mittens.

They occupy a good-sized outdoor den, so they can be visited in their home, and as soon as any caller arrives they give a friendly greeting by coming forward and sometimes going as far as to jump on their visitor's shoulder without invitation. Like all squirrels they are satisfied if offered nothing more exciting in the way of food than the despised peanut; but if anyone wants to please them very much it is best to take them a banana, or a small piece of pineapple.

The population of Whipsnade has been increased by the arrival of a number of animals from the London Gardens. They include two rhinoceroses, two pigmy hippopotamuses, four ostriches, a tapir, a Mongolian wild horse, four bison, several hog-deer, and over fifty cattle egrets.

Hush and Hash

The hippos are Diana and Percy, and, like the tapir, they are only holiday-makers and will return to Regent's Park in the autumn; but the rest of the collection are expected to become permanent inmates of the Zoological Park.

The rhinos are the two young specimens known as Hush and Hash, which were presented to the Zoo by the King. Accommodation is so limited at the Zoo that Hush and Hash were beginning to grow out of their quarters and it was impossible to provide them with more room, so Whipsnade was the obvious solution.

THE BIGGEST ARMY OF IDLE MEN

One of the Work-Relief projects settled by President Roosevelt is a census of the unemployed made by the unemployed.

It is to be carried out by what we should call black-coated workers, though America calls them white-collar men.

It would seem that America has as much unemployment as all the other nations put together, and the result of the census will be of deep interest.

Manchester's medicine consumption is 50 per cent higher than that of the rest of the country.

ALL the children of today know that years ago, at a time which seems to them very remote, a war was fought in which all the great nations of the world, and many of its small ones, were combatants. The

years of that war (1914-1918) seem as yesterday to the old, but a youth of 21, recording in 1935 a Parliamentary vote for the first time, can only dimly remember the year in which the war ended and when all the world hoped that out of so much sorrow much good might come.

The young know only the world After the War, the world of the second quarter of the Twentieth Century. It is very difficult for them to realise pre-war conditions. The aeroplane was so much in its infancy in those old days, that Bleriot had won fame by flying the English Channel for the first time, winning a prize of £1000 for it, only five years before the world war began.

The first British Unemployment Act was not passed into law until 1912, and no one then dreamed that a day's count of the unemployed among us would ever reach 1,000,000, to say nothing of 2,000,000. The Old Age Pensions Act did not become law until just before the war, and today this beneficent measure, which comforts the aged poor, is regarded as a commonplace; it is difficult for the young to realise that before their time this measure had to be striven for in an atmosphere of misapprehension and prejudice.

Rapid Changes

Now, in 1935, the young are conscious of swift movements, rapid changes, frequent alarms, profound dissatisfactions. The young of before the war lived in quieter times which witnessed less change in a generation than is now accomplished in ten years. The passion for speed had appeared, but had not yet become overwhelming. There was much questioning of method and principle in the opening years of this century, but few dared dream of such a refashioning of nations and their institutions at a stroke as has been accomplished in land after land in the last few years.

To those who knew the opening of the Twentieth Century, and still more to those who knew the nineteenth, the world of today seems broken in pieces. Old landmarks have vanished. Kings and princes have gone into exile. The war gave Europe new nations while reviving or destroying old nations. Proud Imperial Houses have been dethroned. Foul assassination has ended notable lives. The greatest Republics ever known in Europe have been established.

Europe Divided

TERRITORIES bearing millions of plain folk, together with their mines and forests and accumulated wealth, have been bodily transferred from one State to another. Men who thought themselves securely the citizens of an ancient nation have suddenly found themselves foreigners placed in the charge of a new State or a hated old State. Factory has been severed from mine and parents from children. The Europe of 1914 was divided into 25 independent States, a quite unnecessary partition of the European stock. As a result of the Peace Treaties made after the war Europe came to be divided into 36 States! This meant the drawing of many new political boundary lines, which in many cases were arbitrarily drawn through settled areas, dividing the homelands of ancient peoples, creating thousands of miles of new tariff walls, and making millions of people desperately poor.

Industries have risen and industries have fallen. Change of method, beginning to accelerate before the war, has progressed so rapidly that great districts have been reduced to penury in many lands. Change has been as drastic and

THE WORLD BROKEN IN PIECES

It will probably be said by the historian of the future that the collapse of President Roosevelt's New Deal is among the greatest catastrophes that have ever befallen a nation in time of peace.

The New Deal is the biggest democratic attempt any nation has made to get itself straight, and it has broken down under America's antiquated Constitution.

as hard to endure for the Lancashire cotton-spinner as for the Swiss watch-maker, for the British miner as for the Italian silk-weaver, for the Glasgow shipyard as for the French vineyard. Everywhere there has been quick change; change that meant new building and the decay of old trades or methods.

In the old days the introduction of new machines took place slowly, sometimes very slowly, and consequently the workers displaced by the machines were able to adjust themselves to the new conditions. In the post-war conditions of speed at any social price workers are displaced with lightning speed and in

The CN proposes to look round at the world which has been so near breaking to pieces in these 20 years, and to consider one by one the various schemes of nations for putting things straight. We shall consider the ideas of America, Italy, Germany, and Russia, and we begin here with a general survey of the condition of the world which has led to these profound experiments.

ing output. Brazil burns coffee she cannot sell, but that is not a new thing. What is new is that such absurdities exist on a wider scale.

Several causes have operated to prevent the gathering of the harvest of genius. Invention, it is true, has not toiled in vain, and part of its good work has borne fruit for all. The common man today commands luxuries and magical instruments unknown even at the end of the nineteenth century. Our own country, for example, has 7,000,000 wireless receiving sets in use, so that about 70 per cent of our households possess this supreme advantage.

to sell his goods abroad, to the foreign nation British goods are *foreign*. So each nation strikes at every other.

This is not to say that there is no truth in the injunction that we should support home industries. Indeed, it is perfectly true that home trade is both larger and more important than overseas trade, and that we should cherish it. Where error lies is in not perceiving that many overseas materials, foods, and products are necessary for our welfare, and that a nation which shuts itself off from international commerce robs itself of the advantage of belonging to the world and renders ships useless.

The world suffers greatly because it has no universal international money. This makes commerce difficult. In the old days there was an almost universally used Gold Standard, to which each national money had a definite relation, which aided the exchange of commodities. This was not a perfect system, but today there is no system at all.

The New Hopes

Now let us think what it all means, this smashing of institutions and relations. Do not let us think of the pre-war world as a happy, contented, and prosperous planet. It was not that. Even in the most advanced nations there were deep-rooted unrest and discontent. The conditions of work were so imperfect that Labour Unrest, as it was called before the war, was excited here and in every manufacturing country. Unemployment was always present and not infrequently rife. Moreover, social legislation did not exist to mitigate poverty. In 1900, as in 1935, it was easier to make than to sell. We shall never understand the present if we allow ourselves to believe that things were going splendidly before the war.

What the war really did was to accentuate the old troubles, to make discontent more acute, to create new international difficulties and hatreds, to break old trade connections, and to add enormously to national expenditure. The war revealed, as never before, the magical power of modern science in relation to wealth creation, even while trade failed, as we have seen, to satisfy the needs of men. The war also revealed that great things could, for good or ill, be done quickly, and this made the world's discontented peoples more and more impatient. The lightning speed of the new machinery made political delay seem absurd, and old institutions seemed futile to meet new needs.

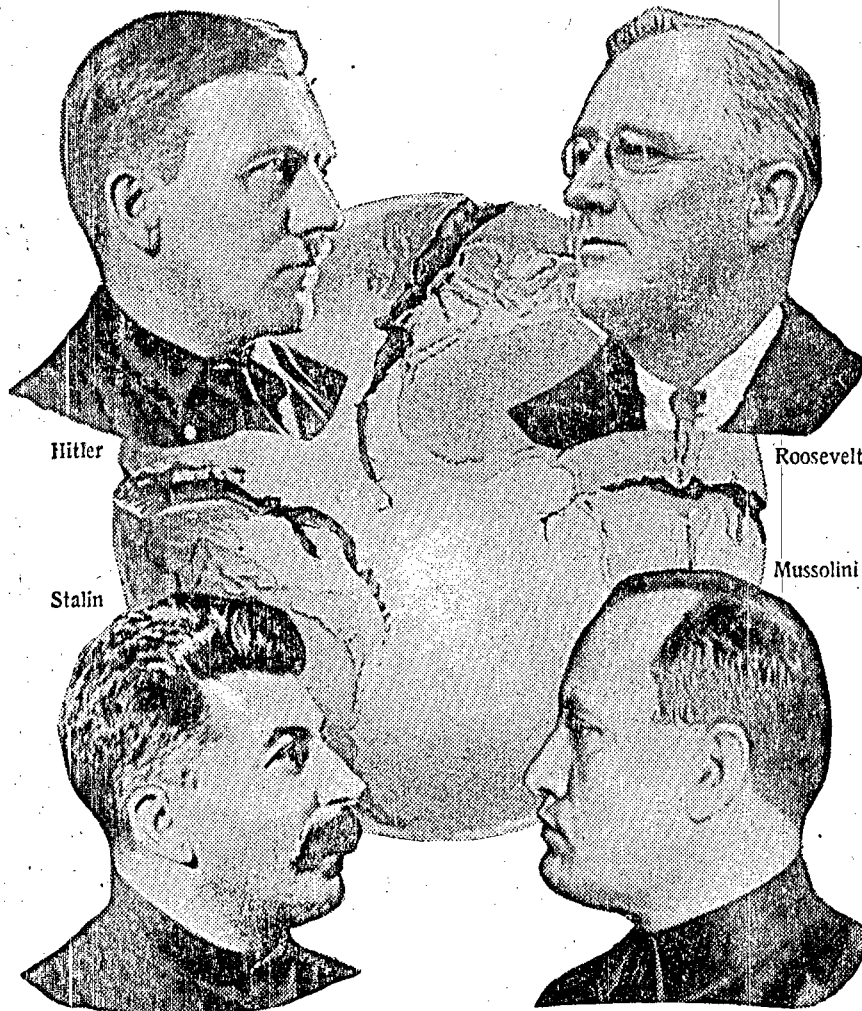
Homes and Lives Ruined

THE vast changes in political boundaries made by the Peace Treaties simultaneously ruined millions of homes in Europe and robbed scores of millions of all that made life worth living. The four years of war not only killed millions of fine young men, but crippled or otherwise disabled tens of millions.

Thus were old discontents made worse and old methods discredited even while new sufferings, new denials, and new and grave grievances troubled the souls of men. Yet the human spirit remains undaunted, and the young of today need not doubt that out of much sorrow, and in their time, the world will advance to new triumphs.

If the war worked much evil, it liberated thought. The world of 1935, broken though it may seem, knows more of widespread aspiration and more of human power than ever before in the history of mankind. It is for youth to face the world determined to reshape it nearer to the heart's desire.

Continued next week



great numbers, the displacement being often so rapid that those thrown idle cannot for long find new employments.

Thus speedy enterprise, whatever its results, may create in its course much social wreckage. This may be illustrated by one of the most enterprising trades in the world—the American motor-car industry, which is at once the most progressive and most irregular of all industries. American official reports have shown how much unemployment attaches to this trade through rapid advance in mass-production methods and through changes of fashion.

The changes in industry, rapid and spectacular, have amounted to a definite and real advance in the use of scientific method and power to increase output. Every producing effort, whether in producing food, raw materials, or manufactured articles, has become enormously more effective.

This result, which ought to have been of the greatest value to mankind, has served to increase discontent because of the failure of Distribution. It has proved increasingly simple to Produce, but increasingly difficult to Sell. Unable to find a market, we see producers limit-

Food was never more abundant with us. Sport and amusement were never before so widely enjoyed. Men judge of things in relation to what is possible, however, and the wide knowledge that exists of means and comforts and appliances causes more discontent than when luxuries were deemed to be out of the reach of nearly everyone. And discontent is justified, because distribution is altogether inefficient in relation to means of output. This is sometimes called Poverty in the Midst of Plenty, but in truth plenty has never yet been realised. What we actually have is Frustrated Plenty, the unused or partially used means to create Plenty.

At home the producer is stayed in the process of making things because the mass of the people do not possess enough purchasing power to command the products of labour and machinery.

Abroad the would-be exporter encounters restrictions on trade in every land. Customs tariffs have been raised all round and other expedients adopted to keep goods out. In most countries, since the war, national feeling has run counter to foreign trade. We know in our own country how we are urged to

IS SPACE EMPTY? RADIATIONS OF ENERGY

Wasting Suns Build Up Our
World and Ourselves

VENUS AND REGULUS

By the O.N. Astronomer

The rapid approach of Venus to the bright star Regulus during the next two weeks will be interesting to note.

Actually it is our world and not Regulus that Venus is approaching, the star being merely in the line of sight and at a terrific distance beyond Venus.

The time light takes to travel to us from the present position of Venus, about 70 million miles away, is six minutes, whereas light takes 56 years and 2 months to travel from Regulus. We thus learn how vast is the chasm in reality between Venus and Regulus.

Such empty space, as it might be called, is all round us throughout our Universe, and still more empty space between our Universe and others of the thousands of universes known to astronomers; but is this space really empty? Actually it is as far from empty as it could possibly be, except as regards material particles and bodies, for were the radiations of energy so all important to us visible to the eye as are the ripples in a pond we should find that the vast ocean of space would be practically as solid as the water in the pond. There is, indeed, nowhere throughout the limitless expanse of space where these radiations do not exist. They fill every microscopic cube of space, passing in every direction with the speed of light. This may be regarded as the "outward and visible sign" of the material or corpuscular radiations which cause suns to waste away and our lives and thoughts to be built up on what is a glorious world, which, by the way, is the most perfect product we know of these radiations of so-called empty space.

So, though absolutely nothing appears throughout the 341,906,598,000,000 miles between Regulus and Venus, there is nevertheless pouring down upon Venus a portion of the colossal output of heat, light, and other radiations generally known as electric, and which may include cosmic, from Regulus.

The amounts that reach us are individually small indeed as compared with that from the nearest star, our Sun, but collectively are very appreciable. It will be remembered that the energy radiated from Arcturus was used two years ago to open the Chicago Exhibition; that from Regulus, a far hotter and denser sun, could be used likewise.

The Result of Perspective

The radiant energy from Venus is by comparison very feeble and mostly reflected from the Sun; it appears intense because of her proximity. Being a world slightly smaller than ours and but 7600 miles in diameter Venus bears no comparison with Regulus in size, for our Sun is nearly 1,500,000 times the size of Venus, and when we consider that Regulus is known to radiate about 70 times the light of our Sun some idea of his immensity may be estimated.

Venus may be seen to approach Regulus until, by Saturday, July 6, she will appear but little more than the Moon's apparent width away from the star. Strange to say Venus is actually travelling away from Regulus and toward us at some 22 miles a second, the apparent approach to Regulus being the result of perspective produced by the Earth participating in the motion; which, though our world is speeding away from Venus tangentially at 18 miles a second, permits her to reduce her distance at present by 800,000 miles a day.

G. F. M.

WE NEED NOT BE SO NOISY

The Quiet Show at
South Kensington

Among the many kinds of anti-noise devices now on view at the Noise Exhibition at South Kensington is one we are delighted to see—a proof that the exhaust of a motor-cycle can be made silent without loss of power.

The nerve-shattering jarring of the road drill can also be abated, and by the use of two small leather pads, which act like a soft pedal on a piano, the scream of a circular saw can be deadened. Asbestos linings for tube tunnels to reduce the roar of trains are also being shown, and sound-absorbing floors for railway cars.

The exhibition gives more than a hint that sound-proof houses will be universal in the future. A model house which is being shown has two lower rooms, one which does not keep the noise out and one with sound-resisting floors, ceiling, and walls, and windows rejecting noise but letting in air. Sounds such as those of a telephone bell, piano, typewriter, and footsteps are made above, and it is possible to compare the various degrees of quietness in the two downstairs rooms.

Near by is a working model showing, when we turn a handle, the amount of sound transmitted through insulated and non-insulated floors.

BBC AT SCHOOL

Next Week's Broadcasts

Here are notes on some of next week's BBC school broadcasts, the last for this term, from the National Transmitter.

Monday

2.5. Practice and Science of Gardening: Mr F. W. Costin will talk about the various insects and other small creatures in the garden which help or hinder the gardener's work.

2.30. World History: The Story of Paper and Printing. A talk by Professor Power, which will end with a short play dealing with William Caxton, the first printer to set up a press in England.

Tuesday

11.30. Professor R. Ruggles Gates is to talk on the Eskimo—Yesterday and Today, in the Regional Geography series.

2.5. Nature Study: The Scents of Flowers. Mr Richard Morse will discuss some of the more simple aspects of this interesting subject.

Wednesday

2.5. British History: A talk on the Exhibition of 1851 by Miss Rhoda Power.

2.30. English Literature: Some Books I Like. Mr Howard Marshall has chosen *Salute to Adventurers*, by John Buchan, as one of his favourite books.

Thursday

11.30. Districts of England: The Thames Estuary, the Gateway to Europe and the East, a talk by Mr H. M. Tomlinson.

2.5. Mr K. C. Boswell, in the Tracing History Backwards broadcast, consisting of two short sketches, will show how means have been developed of preserving law and order.

2.30. The Biology broadcast is entitled *The Animal and the Plant are Partners* and will take the form of a discussion between the physiologist (Professor Winifred Cullis) and the zoologist (Professor Doris Mackinnon).

Friday

2.5. Travel Talk: Mr Ivor Thomas will describe Bolivia, in South America. Although Bolivia has the largest tin mines in the world she still sends her tin to Britain for smelting.

A MEETING IN A CORNISH LANE

Richard Trevithick's
Grandson

By a O.N. Traveller

The Cornish field path seemed so undecided about where it led that we looked rather anxiously about us to find someone to tell us the way to St Ives.

An answer came to our hope in the form of a tall old gentleman with a pointed grey beard and the brightest of blue eyes behind his gold-rimmed spectacles. Yes, he told us, this was the way, and as he was taking it himself he would gladly take us with him.

Down the steep slope we went while he chatted pleasantly in that most musical voice which we find among the Cornishmen; he talked of what we saw about us, the wild flowers of the wayside and their names, or the aqueduct through which water is pumped from the reservoir of an old flooded mine to supply the town.

Tre, Pol, and Pen

By chance one of us asked him what was the meaning of the three words Tre, Pol, and Pen, by which are known the Cornishmen, and whether it was true that Tre stood for fish. He smiled gently and said he was not sure, but if Tre meant fish it must apply to him, for his name was Trevithick.

A great name, we agreed, for had it not belonged to the great Richard Trevithick, he who made the Cornish high-pressure boiler and anticipated the locomotive of George Stephenson? There was a moment of silence, and then the old gentleman said unexpectedly, "He was my grandfather; my father wrote his Life."

We fear we stared in surprise and had nothing to say. It seemed like meeting in the flesh a figure of long ago and far away come back to life again. We listened tongue-tied to our guide flowing gently on, not making much account of the great discoveries and inventions or of the chequered life of his grandfather, who died in poverty, but of what a fine, strong fellow he was. Over six feet he stood, and broad in proportion, the strongest man in Cornwall, a land of strong men. The College of Surgeons invited him to come to London to take measurements of him!

The Tablet in the Abbey

It is all true. In the Science Museum at South Kensington by the side of Trevithick's boiler and engine, black and ponderous, is a tool he wielded that might have been swung by Tubal Cain. Not much else he told us, for he took it for granted that his grandfather's name and works still endured in the land and were known to all.

Some may have forgotten, but in Westminster Abbey, not far from the grave of the Unknown Soldier, is a belated tablet to one who might have become an unknown inventor, and Cornwall will never forget him. But one of our happiest memories of Cornwall will always be that of having had the good fortune of linking a spring day of this Jubilee year with the past in this little talk with Trevithick's grandson.

LITTLE ITALY

Young Italy is now receiving more attention than ever before in the history of the country, and the result is seen in the physical improvement of the children.

The weakly children are sent to the mountains or to the seaside, and others go to day colonies where they are trained in general behaviour, have three meals, are taken to their own homes at night to sleep, and are then brought back to the day camp in the morning.

Every poor child in Italy is now given an annual holiday.



Get your Free Copy of The OVALTINEY League Songs

SO many boys and girls have asked for copies of the two popular League of Ovaltineys songs that the Chief Ovaltiney has had the music and words printed in a convenient form. They can now be supplied free of charge.

Even if you are not already a member of the League of Ovaltineys you should send for these jolly songs. You will receive at the same time all the details about the League, and you will be told how you can join and qualify for the handsome bronze membership badge.

Thousands of children all over the country are having great fun with the secret high-signs, signals and code of the League. Hurry up and join them!

Fill in the Form below

To be quite sure of getting your free copy of the Ovaltiney League songs, you should fill in the form below at once.

POST THIS TO-DAY

To the CHIEF OVALTINEY,
THE 'OVALTINE' FACTORY,
KING'S LANGLEY, HERTS.

Please send me, free and post free, a copy of the Ovaltiney League Songs.

Name.....

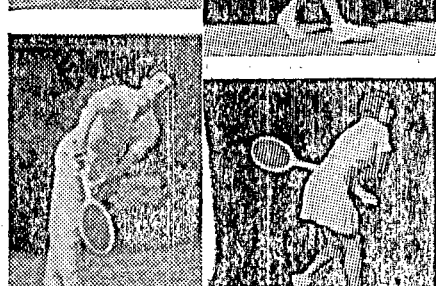
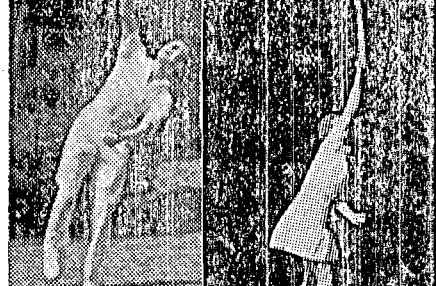
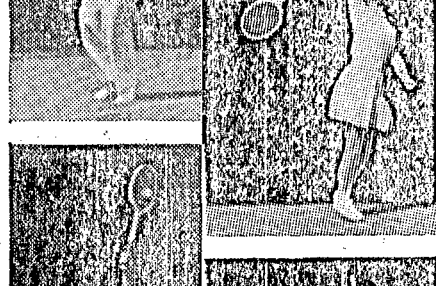
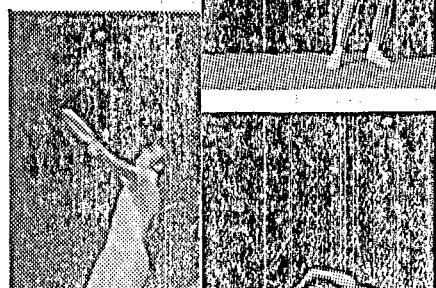
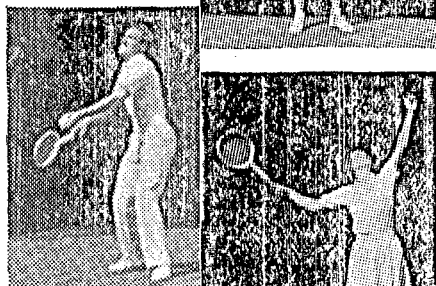
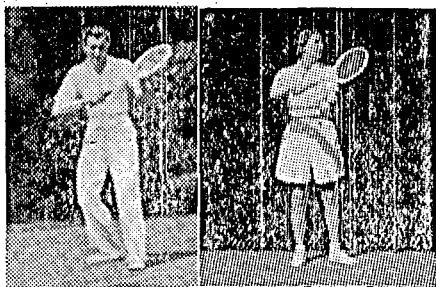
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Children's Newspaper, June 22

HOW THE TENNIS CHAMPIONS SERVE



These pictures from a Gaumont British Instructional Film analyse the service of the two tennis champions, F. J. Perry and Dorothy Round, who play at Wimbledon next week

THE COURT DECIDES Justice For Albania's Children

The children of Albania have been the subject of a decision of the Court of International Justice at The Hague.

They were minority children, mainly Greeks, and a little while ago a complaint was made that they were not being treated justly in the matter of education. A law had been passed under the new Constitution abolishing all private schools throughout the country, and the Greek minority claimed that this was a breach of the minority treaty by which the education of their children was guaranteed.

The Albanian Government, on the other hand, stated that the new measure was not directed against minorities and that the number of schools in which instruction would be given in Greek as well as in Albanian was to be increased. The law is part of a scheme of education based on the decision to have no State religion in Albania, it being thought necessary to abolish all the private schools which had been governed by religious bodies.

But Albania signed a declaration before the League in 1921 promising equal rights for minorities to open schools at their own expense, and the new scheme seems to have come in conflict with this declaration. The League Council at its last session sent the matter to the International Court, and the Court decided that the present action of the Albanian Government is not in accord with its declaration of 1921.

MISS OR MRS? How Are We To Know?

An Indian correspondent asks us whether it is not possible to reform the methods of signature which people put down at the end of their letters.

In replying, for instance, to a letter from a person signing herself as Mary Longmore, he addressed the letter to her as Mrs Longmore, and she in her reply very emphatically put Miss before her name. He wants to know how can he possibly tell when such occasions arise whether the person is Miss or Mrs.

Can the C.N., he asks, launch a propaganda to bring about a very much needed reform in this matter?

WHAT ABOUT THE WHITE ELEPHANT?

The Editor of the C.N. would be grateful to any readers who could help a poor Yorkshire parish in its struggle against deep poverty. It is the parish of St James's, Bradford.

One of the best means of help would be by sending to the vicar (Rev Frank Cottam) any things that would help a Jumble Sale, or any old clothes.

It is not possible to exaggerate the happiness we may create by turning our white elephants or our old clothes to some use in this way. Who has not a dozen things he can do without, and who would not be happier for turning them to good account?

GOOD DEED INDEED

"What was the best thing on the Cruise?" we asked.

"Oh, the Scouts at Sierra Leone," she replied at once. "I don't think I shall ever forget their jolly chocolate-coloured faces or the way they looked after us."

"At other places we had been pestered by people who wanted to sell us things or act as guides. At Sierra Leone a party of Scouts met the boat, kept off troublesome people, showed us round, and refused to take a tip. We were two women travelling alone, and my sister was an invalid. You can't imagine how thankful we were for those Scouts."

WASTE BECOMES WEALTH

Sow Rubbish and Reap Good Land

The manager of a large factory, faced with the problem of disposing of waste material, decided to have it tipped on to a piece of derelict land belonging to the firm.

Other people asked if they too might dump their rubbish there, and were allowed to do so on paying 6d a cart-load. Because the place began to look untidy a man was engaged to look after it, and the 6d a load more than paid his wages.

The man in charge directed where each load of rubbish should be tipped, levelled it while it was still loose, and buried any offensive material. Gradually the rubbish settled down, with the better soil on top, until it was possible to grow potatoes there, and in the end the whole site was level enough to be used as building land.

This true parable might well be studied by towns in need of level sites for playing-fields. It is being increasingly recognised that burying rubbish is better than burning it, for waste material, however lightly covered, rapidly becomes part of the soil. The Ministry of Health recommends shallow tipping, which lends itself to the levelling of much unprofitable land where grass may eventually be grown. The generations to come would certainly appreciate this solution of the refuse problem.

OLD MAN RIVER ALL WARMED UP

To set the Thames on fire has always been spoken of as a feat. The General Electric Company of U.S.A. is going to do something of the kind with the Mississippi; not the whole of it, but a portion of its waters at Canton in Missouri.

The river is to be heated in the way an electric kettle is put on the boil, and the operation is part of the Government's scheme to control the floods of the river valley by preventing the accumulation of ice in the winter at the river dam.

A new type of dam is being built here consisting of huge rollers or drums, 100 feet long and 20 feet in diameter, placed horizontally across the stream. The ends of the drums, resting in concrete piers, will be placed so that the drum can be partially rotated and raised to allow ice to pass under it during the spring thaw. The drums will also govern the flow of water.

But so that they may be kept always in service, winter or spring, the drums at their ends must be kept free from ice. This is what the electric heating is to ensure. The engineers will install giant electric units where the ends meet the sills of the concrete piers to prevent freezing. They are of huge size, as much as 27 feet long, but are comparatively economical in the amount of electricity they will use up.

P.D.S.A. BOOK

An attractive little book has been written for children about the work of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

Usually called the P.D.S.A., this society has brought joy to millions of people and relief to millions of animals since it was started 20 years ago. At that time there was no free treatment for sick pets, but the P.D.S.A. makes no charge for attending its patients, though ambulances sometimes have to be sent a long way to collect them and X-rays or artificial sunlight have to be used.

The Children's Booklet, with photographs and descriptions of some of the cases dealt with and with useful hints on keeping pets healthy, is free from the P.D.S.A., 14 Clifford Street, London, W.1.

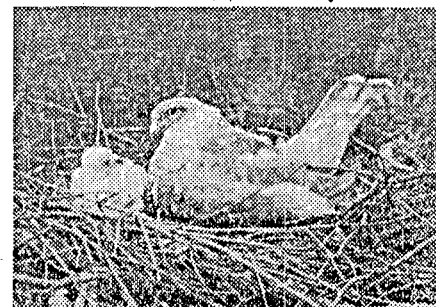
NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



The currant clearwing moth is now found on currant bushes



The caterpillar of the beautiful swallowtail butterfly is found



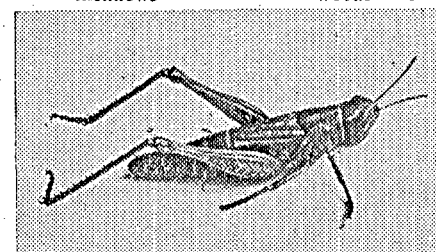
The sparrowhawk is bringing up its family at the top of some high tree



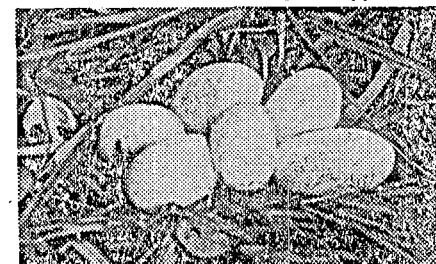
Goat's beard is blossoming in meadows



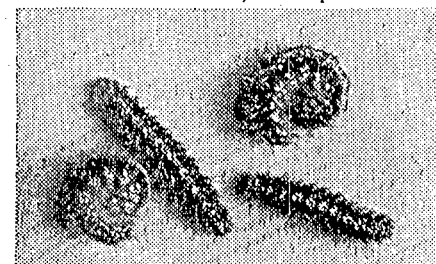
The rare lady's slipper is flowering in some woods



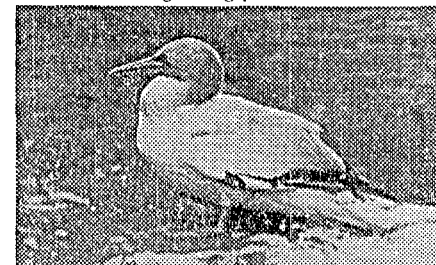
In grassy meadows exposed to the sun we may now see and hear the grasshoppers



The tough-skinned eggs of the common grass snake are found in warm, moist spots in woods



Woolly bears, or larvae of the scarlet tiger moth, now appear on nettle, bramble, and low-growing plants



The gannet, or solan goose, is engaged in nursery duties on rocky ledges of the Farne Islands and a few other places

THREE WISE MEN LOOK INTO IT WHY THEY THOUGHT ELECTIONS IMPOSSIBLE

A Very Queer Story of the
Scholar in Politics

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

Was anything even more incredible than what we know is true?

It is one of the ideas in Arthur Mee's new book *God Knows that the Future is easier to believe in than the Past*, and a Paris correspondent sends us a passage from an old report of three French scholars which was seriously issued 80 years ago yet is today sheer craziness.

The Revolution of 1848 having secured the vote for all, the French Government decided to put it into operation. They asked the Academy of Sciences to submit a plan, and three great scientists were told to prepare it. These men were Charles Dupin, an authority on Light and Algebra; Urbain Leverrier, who had discovered Neptune by mathematics; and Augustin Cauchy, another great mathematician.

Figures and Theories

After studying an election in which 100 lists of 12 names had each been counted in half an hour they investigated their problem in one Department alone, where they thought 300,000 would vote. This was their report:

Each voter will have to write on the list the names of 34 candidates, or 11,200,000 names altogether, names which must be called out by the tellers. If half an hour is required to count 100 times 12 names, or 1200 names, one hour is required for 2400 names. Then the counting of 10,200,000 names will take 4250 hours, about 177 days of 24 hours each.

But that is not all. The difficulty of counting will be notably increased by the great number of candidates. One must then expect the counting to last two or three days longer.

Thus, if France held to the idea of the system of general suffrage, she could not expect the results of the elections before at least one year's time.

They tried again three times, and at last, tired of all their theorising, the French Government held their election and got the votes counted in a few days, *one of the mathematicians being a successful candidate.*

One Cure Only

The other day 450,000 municipal officers were elected by 11,000,000 voters, and the counting was finished within a few hours!

We hear much of letting our wise men rule us, but what is this world to do with wise men so out of touch with reality as these three men of France? Even today we have had the amazing spectacle of four of the world's most famous men drawing up an entirely unworkable Peace Treaty, and we have also the spectacle at this moment of all the nations in the world gasping for trade even while they are setting up great walls to keep trade out.

Never was so mad a world, and one cure only exists for it: it is Common Sense and the wide spreading of knowledge and goodwill.

SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS

A census of school teachers has been made in Munich.

It reveals that the children in the elementary schools in England and Wales are luckier than those of other nations.

These five million British school-children have 170,000 teachers, a larger number than in any other European country, and they have a better chance in life, for more attention can be given to the education which prepares them to make their way in the world.

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S WORK GOES ON GIVING LIFE TO OUR VILLAGES

The Pioneering Work of the
United Kingdom Trust

NEW PATHS WORTH FOLLOWING

The Carnegie United Kingdom Trust has come of age. Mr Andrew Carnegie gave it the mission of improving the well-being of the masses of our people, and for 21 years now it has been successfully at work.

Last year £126,000 was spent on libraries, rural development schemes, hostels, and playing-fields.

One of the Trust's first undertakings was to make grants to municipal and county libraries. This opportunity for increasing their efficiency has been welcomed by libraries in most districts; the authorities have been enabled to bring their stocks up to date and have arranged to exchange books among themselves, so that the resources of many neighbouring libraries, as well as of the invaluable National Central Library, are available to students in many parts of the country.

Practical Pioneering

The Trustees feel that they have now made their due contribution to this work, and the money they set aside for this purpose will probably be exhausted by the end of 1935.

Once the Trust has shown the way Mr Carnegie's money must no longer be used for work which should be continued by public bodies; the trustees confine themselves mainly to pioneering, *discovering what new paths are worth following.*

Another task from which the Trust is about to withdraw is the provision of playing-fields, which should now be the nation's own business. Last year £22,000 was granted toward 110 grounds, many in country districts.

Village Halls

A policy likely to be continued for some time is that of helping to erect village halls. Altogether 259 grants have been made, 43 of them last year. One-sixth of the cost of building the hall is given to villages with less than 4000 inhabitants, and it is encouraging that so many small villages have been prepared to raise the rest of the money needed. Where the Trust has made loans in addition to the gifts the money is being repaid quickly.

The village hall can make a tremendous difference to life, providing scope for social clubs, libraries, Scouts and Guides, flower shows, lectures, and wireless listening and discussion groups. Remote districts are no longer cut off from all the social advantages of towns.

Rural Community Councils, aided by the Trust, have been developing music and drama in villages and encouraging the study of local history. One dramatic group has been enabled to make tours in Scotland and Northern England.

Agricultural Education

Branches of the Young Farmers Clubs have been increasing in number and in strength in England and Ireland, and their formation in Scotland has been discussed. These clubs are doing good work in agricultural education and cooperation. Women's Institutes and Clubs for boys and girls have received a helping hand. The Councils for the Preservation of Rural England, Scotland, and Wales and the Home and School Council (which aims at bringing parents and teachers closer together) have been promised grants for the next three years.

In these and kindred ways the Trustees are carrying out their motto "To Better Things," and are surely fulfilling the purpose to which Mr Carnegie dedicated his fortune.



Boy's Cricket Cap.
Made in cream Aertex fabric, peak underlined with green. Other colours are made to special order. School badges or monograms can be sewn on if desired. Sizes 6½ - 6¾. Price 2/11.

I was talking to the doctor the other day about the children's hair . . . I don't believe in letting them run about without hats all the time, but I know sun and air do the hair good . . . He said I was quite right, and the best thing was to get Aertex hats for them . . . they're made of the cellular fabric, so the air can get to the head without any risk of sunstroke or chill—isn't it a good idea? . . . The children are very proud of them—I caught Freda telling a small friend that she really ought to have one, or she'd go bald!

AERTEX

Ask your Draper or Outfitter for illustrated catalogue.

Your garment is not Aertex unless it bears this label.



"Fisher" Hat.

This simple little hat suits either boy or girl. It is obtainable in two Aertex mesh-weights. The colours are white, canary, fawn, blue, green, dark champagne, cream and brown. Sizes 6½ - 7. Price 3/11.



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ONE GALLON

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**HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING
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NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd., NOTTINGHAM.

—Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast for making one gallon of the finest beverage in the world. 4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of nearest retailer will be sent with each sample.

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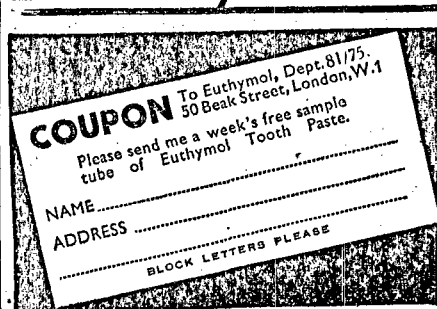
G.N.



KEEP THEM CLEAN

If you take care of your teeth they will last you all your life. There is no better means of protection against dental decay germs than cleaning them morning and evening with

**Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE**



TWO IN A PLANE

A Flying Adventure
In Four Parts

Told by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

David and Terry Latimer, in the far North, have found a gold pocket.

The boys buy a plane to bring home their little fortune. They set out, but make little progress owing to the activities of two scoundrels who are trying to steal their claim.

CHAPTER 5

The Sky Darkens

DAVE's face was white as paper. He was muttering, but what he said Terry could not catch. Badly frightened, Terry fought desperately to free himself. The ropes were not so tight as those that had fastened him at Circle City. He felt them loosen a little. It occurred to him that Sutton had had just enough decency left in him not to sentence his victims to death by starvation.

He felt one strand give. A moment later his arms were free. Then he snatched his knife from his belt, slashed the cords that bound his ankles and was busy cutting Dave loose.

"Dave," he said again, "what's the matter? Did they hurt you?"

"They—they've got the plane," was all that Dave could say. He seemed to be stupefied. For the moment Terry forgot the plane and everything else in his fear for his brother. Had these scoundrels drugged or poisoned him?

"Never mind the plane, Dave. Tell me what's wrong."

"Wrong!" repeated Dave in a voice that made Terry's heart ache. "Don't you understand? I slept on duty. It's my fault. It's all my fault."

Terry drew back a little. He thought hard. It was plain to him that it was no use talking to Dave in his present condition. He went to the fire. There were hot embers under the ashes. He put on fresh sticks, blew them into a flame and put on the kettle. While it heated he sliced bacon and laid it in the frying-pan. As it frizzled he broke in biscuits and fried them in the fat. When the kettle boiled he flung in half a handful of tea, boiled it up and poured out a mug which he mixed with condensed milk. He gave it to Dave.

"Drink it at once," he ordered.

Dave obeyed mechanically, but Terry, watching keenly, saw that the hot, strong stuff brought back a little colour into his brother's face. "Does your head feel queer, Dave?" he asked.

"It—it aches," Dave answered.

"So does mine. Dave, do you suppose they chloroformed us or anything like that?"

Dave shook his head.

"We could smell chloroform."

"But I slept just like you. I didn't wake while they were tying me up. And my head's all muzzy." He looked round again in puzzled fashion and noticed the vapour from the warm spring hanging mist-like in the quiet air. "Dave," he said sharply, "could it be that spring? Could there be gas from it?"

Dave's eyes widened. He seemed to be coming alive again.

"It might be. Yes, it's possible. Carbonic acid or something of that sort. Heavy gas that spreads along the ground."

"That's it, Dave," exclaimed Terry. "I don't get a headache for nothing, and you had one too. So you see it wasn't your fault. You needn't blame yourself."

A look of relief spread across Dave's face. "You're a brick, Terry. I could never have forgiven myself if it had been my fault." Then his face fell again. "But that doesn't help us," he went on. "We can never get out of this alive."

Terry refused to be discouraged.

"The rapids may be frozen so we can get out one end or the other. And we have stores. The Meteor is still there with all the stuff in her. Sutton and Crann loaded it all up before they left Circle City. There's grub there for weeks besides what we've got here in our camp. Eat up your breakfast, then we'll explore."

Terry's enthusiasm was catching and Dave pulled himself together. The hot tea cleared their heads and the food helped. When they had finished and cleaned up they started up valley toward the Meteor. Her cargo was almost untouched. Evidently Sutton had been well aware that the old Harland would not carry more than was in her. Here was flour, bacon, tea, and sugar to last two people for three months if they were careful. Meat, of course, the boys had killed for themselves in the Cinnabars; it remained to be seen whether there was any game in this valley.

"Better go up to the top first," Terry said, "and have a look round."

Dave nodded and they tramped off. The ground on either side was a mass of snow-covered rocks but, keeping to the ice, they found good walking. The gigantic cliffs towering on either side gave them an unpleasant feeling of being in prison. It was very certain that no man alive could climb those terrible walls; it was equally certain that they could expect no help from outside.

"It's clouding up," Dave said presently. "There'll be a big snow, Terry, then the thaw will come."

"Then we'd better hurry," Terry answered.

It was a long way up to the head of the valley. There they found a gorge similar to that at the bottom, terribly steep, terribly narrow. On either side the cliffs went up like the walls of a skyscraper. There was nothing but a mere crack of grey sky visible overhead. The ice at the bottom was fearfully rough, piled in huge hummocks, over which they had to climb carefully. A gurgling sound reached them, like water being poured out of a giant bottle, and suddenly they were on the edge of a great hole in the ice, at the bottom of which clear green water curled in a slow whirlpool. The gap stretched from one side of the creek to the other and there was no way of crossing it.

"I was afraid of this," said Dave. "And the odds are it will be the same below."

"We've got to see," Terry answered. He was desperately disappointed, but would not say so for fear of discouraging Dave.

They went back to the Meteor and Dave looked her over once more. He shook his head. "We'll never do anything with her. We'd need a forge and tools."

"Then hadn't we better get the stuff out of her?" Terry said. "If the thaw came suddenly we might have a job to save it."

"We'll get some of it out and camp here, Terry. We're not going to risk that sleep gas from the spring. But we'll have to look slippery for, if I'm not badly mistaken, the snow is coming before long."

"There's shelter under that big slab of rock," Terry said, pointing.

He picked up a sack of flour as he spoke and carried it back to the cliff. A great flat rock projecting from the face made a sort of pent house roof and left space below to store the things from the Meteor, and for the two boys to sleep. They got them all in, the last package being the dynamite, which they stowed in a crevice out of harm's way. Then they sat down and ate some cold food. The sky was still darkening.

Dave got up. "We'd best have a look at the lower end, Terry."

CHAPTER 6

"Prisoners For Life"

THE lower gorge seemed more promising, for the upper part was all ice. Ice piled up in great hummocks in the wildest confusion, and it took the brothers all they knew to climb it without breaking their legs or their necks. Then as they got farther down an ominous roar was heard. With great difficulty they worked their way around a curve, and their worst fears were justified. Beneath them was a fall about 12 feet, where the river gushed in a great spout from under its covering of ice to fall into a deep pool beneath. Spray rising from this fall had frozen on the cliffs on either side, turning them into sheets of ice.

It was an obstacle no one could cross. Terry refused to let Dave see how scared he was. "There's only one thing for it. We must build a boat," he said. "We can do it by using the cockpit of the Meteor."

"How do you propose to get down this fall?" Dave asked.

"There won't be any fall when the river's in flood. Just a steep rapid. We'll do it, Dave."

Dave looked up. "Here's the snow," he said. "We'd better get back to camp."

The boys turned and made back for the top of the gorge. Before they were halfway the snow was like a fog, and it was nearly dark. It was a desperate job scrambling over those jagged masses of ice, the edges of which were already hidden. Both had falls, but luckily escaped with nothing worse than bruises, but they were thankful when at last they got clear of the gorge and on to the more level ice above. Before they reached their camp they were so covered with snow they looked like walking

snow men, and were only too glad of the cover afforded by the projecting slab.

All the big snowstorms of the North come in autumn or spring, and sometimes the one that heralds the break-up of the ice and the end of winter is the heaviest of all. All that night it snowed. Before they turned in the boys piled up a great bank of snow to protect them, and when morning came found themselves completely shut in. And still it snowed, and did not stop for 18 hours. By that time the Meteor was almost buried, and the soft snow was waist deep. They dug a path down to the waterhole they had cut in the creek ice, but that was all they could do. Dave was uneasy.

"The temperature's gone up a lot," he said. "The break might come any time."

"Then tomorrow we must get the plane off the ice," Terry said.

Dave nodded. "We will. If we lost her we should be completely finished."

They turned in early: there was nothing else to do. Terry went to sleep, and dreamed he was driving a dog-team but that the dogs would keep fighting and he couldn't stop them. He woke with their howling in his ears and a sense of something wrong. Something was very wrong, for the night was full of the sound of rushing water.

"Dave, it's the break!" he shouted. "Get up. We've got to save the plane."

Dave sprang up and pulled on his boots. It was still dark, but there was just enough light to see that the white expanse which had covered the whole valley floor overnight was broken by a broad streak of darkness. It was water rushing down furiously. They plunged out. It was raining and the temperature above freezing-point.

Terry had a flashlight and its white beam showed the plane lying where they had left her. But already the water was all round her and rising every minute. He dashed forward, knee deep, into the icy-cold flood. Dave caught hold of him.

"Steady! If you go down you're done."

"The ice is still firm under the water," Terry panted. "It's one of the tributaries started to run, not the creek itself." He was wildly excited. This time it was Dave who kept his head.

"Wait, Terry. I've got a rope. I'll put it round you and hold it. Then see if you can tie it to the plane." With the rope fast round his waist, Terry made a second attempt. He was up to his waist before he reached the Meteor, and it was all he could do to stand. The cold was cruel. Yet he stuck to it and managed to climb into the plane's cockpit. He made the rope fast round her prop, and clinging to it struggled back to the bank. Then he and Dave started pulling.

Slowly the Meteor came round, and with desperate effort they managed to get her over the edge of the ice, with her front part up on the rocks. That was all they could do. The slope was too steep to get her farther. They doubled the rope and made it fast to a big boulder, then, soaking and half frozen, gained their shelter and set to making a fire. As soon as they got it going they peeled off their wet things and wrapped themselves in blankets. Dawn was just breaking and all the time the thunder of the flood grew louder, and the water kept creeping up. It rose so fast they could see it cover stone after stone. Its roar, echoing to and fro between the lofty cliffs on either side, was almost deafening. The kettle was boiling, Terry made the tea; but Dave was standing up watching the river.

"There's a fearful strain on that rope, Terry," he said.

"We've done all we can do," Terry answered. "Come and drink your tea."

An hour passed, and though the stout rope hummed under the strain it held. But the waves now washed quite over the hull of the plane. The water had reached the boulder to which they had tied her. Suddenly from far up the valley came a roar which drowned the voice of the flood, and, watching with fascinated eyes, the boys saw great flocks of ice rise to the surface and come racing down.

"The creek's broken," gasped Dave.

He was right. The ice of the creek itself had gone all in a moment and was coming down in crashing, thundering masses. The great flocks cracked like broken glass as the flood flung them together. They caught on the rocks at the rim and piled up in glittering masses. A cake, six feet thick, came swinging down upon the Meteor. It struck her like a battering-ram. With a loud twang the rope parted, the plane moved outward, then was picked up bodily and went flying downstream. One wing lifted like that of a dying insect, then—it was gone.

"Our last hope," groaned Dave. "We're prisoners for life!"

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO RUNS TOO FAST

THEY were putting a fresh coat of paint on the Monkeyville Library.

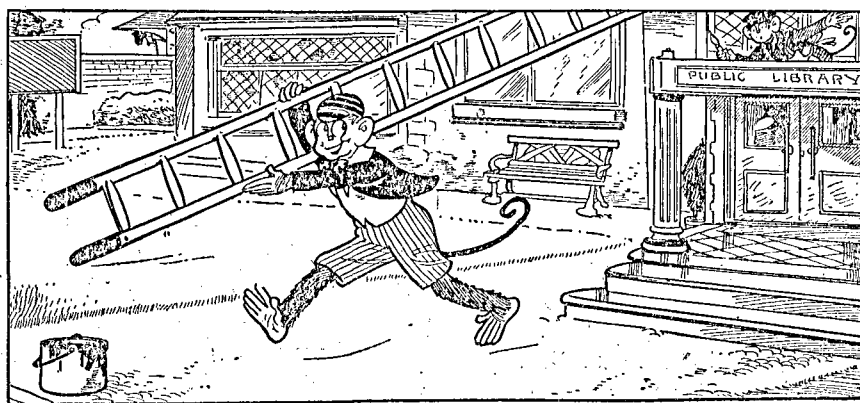
Jacko looked at it critically and decided that he didn't like the colour.

"Green! Stuff! he muttered.

"What's wrong with a cheery red or a nice bright blue?"

A pot full of paint was standing on the pavement. Jacko caught hold of the brush and gave it a friendly stir.

"Let that alone," called a voice.



"Put that down!" he shouted

Jacko dropped the brush and looked up. A man with a paint brush in his hand was staring down at him from the top of the big porch over the door.

"All right!" called Jacko. "Keep your hair on! I'm not drinking your old paint."

"Well, leave it alone," said the man again, "and be off."

As he turned his back Jacko sprang on a ladder that was leaning against the building, and ran up.

The man was so surprised to see Jacko's head pop suddenly over the top that he dropped his brush.

Jacko burst out laughing.

"You impudent young jackanapes!" cried the man; and he leaned over and shot out his arm.

But Jacko was too quick for him. In a jiffy he was down again on the pavement. The man shook his fist at him and went on with his work.

For some minutes Jacko stood looking at the ladder, and then he caught hold of it and swung it across his shoulder.

The painter heard him and rushed forward. "Put that down!" he shouted.

"Look out," said Jacko cheekily, "or you'll be over."

"You wait till I catch you!" roared the man, red in the face.

"I will," laughed Jacko, darting off.

But he had forgotten the paint-pot. It was lying right in his way. The clumsy lad caught his foot in it, stumbled, and down he went!

It was a terrible mix-up. And a messy one! Jacko found that he disliked a green face even more than a green house.

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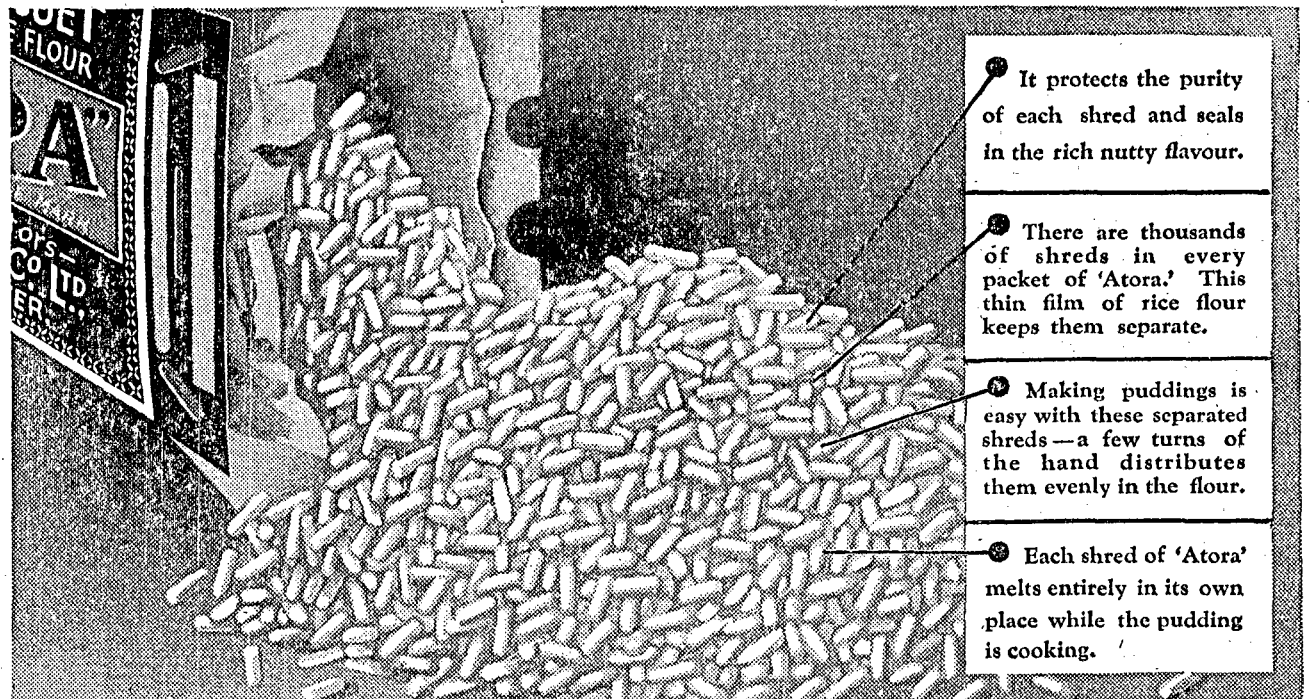
My Dentist Said

KOLYNOS

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It protects the purity of each shred and seals in the rich nutty flavour.

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N.27

Hugon's

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The Good BEEF SUET

The Leading Radio Weekly!

POPULAR WIRELESS is a paper that will satisfy the most exacting radio enthusiast. Ever since its first number, in the days of crystal sets, it has been in the forefront of weekly radio papers, and has consistently kept readers alive to the most advanced wireless development. In addition, "P.W." has the benefit of John Scott-Taggart's genius, and his brilliant set designs and articles appear regularly in its pages. Every issue is crammed with practical information telling you how to make good receivers, how to convert old sets economically and altogether how to get the most out of this fascinating hobby.

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Every Wednesday, at all Newsagents and Bookstalls - - - 3d

THE BRAN TUB

Car and Coach

A PRIVATE car does 45 miles on a gallon of petrol and a motor-coach uses a gallon every six miles. If the private car uses six gallons on the run from London to Newcastle how much more will the motor-coach use on the same journey?

Answer next week

Tell Anty This

TEACHER: Tell me what you know about ants.
Small boy: There are two kinds of ants, insects and lady uncles!

Beheaded Word

IF from your shelf you take a book
You'll find me there if you but look;
And if you put it back again,
That I am there is also plain.
Decapitate, twill then appear,
Without mistake, that I am here;
Behead again—you'll want no more
Because I always come before.

Answer next week

The Three Children

THIS stamp, issued by the Belgian Post Office, shows the three children of the King and Queen



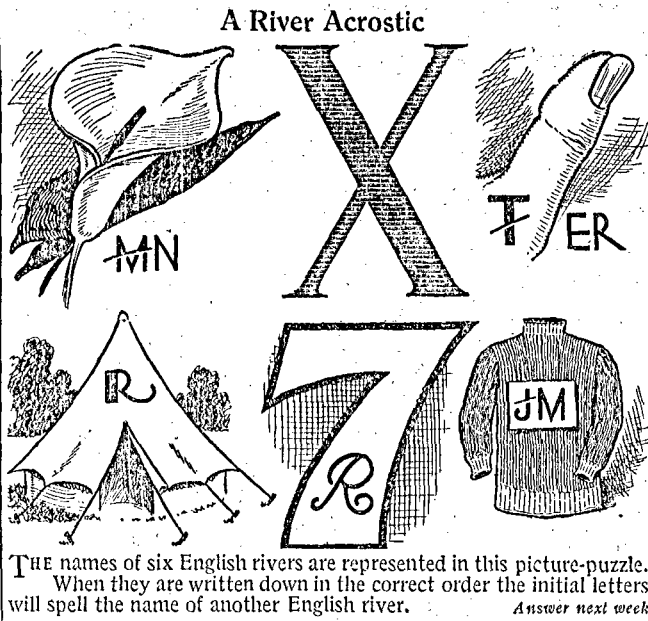
of the Belgians. It is one of a set which has been issued to raise funds for charity. The appeal is being made by Queen Astrid.

Quiet and Efficient

A LITTLE discussion was in progress outside the local council office.
"Why, here's a name on this Housing Committee that I've never even heard of," exclaimed a local bigwig.
"Oh," quietly remarked a listener, "that's probably the man who does all the work."

The Cotton in the Bottle

GET a clear glass bottle and into the underside of the cork push a bent pin. Now take a piece of cotton and to one end tie a little weight like a small pebble. The other end is tied to the bent pin in such a way that, when the cork is in the bottle, the weight hangs clear of the bottom. The problem is to cut through the cotton with-



THE names of six English rivers are represented in this picture-puzzle. When they are written down in the correct order the initial letters will spell the name of another English river.

Answer next week

out, of course, uncorking the bottle. This seems quite impossible, but all we need is a magnifying-glass. Stand the bottle in the sun and focus the rays on to the cotton. In a few moments the heat burns through the cotton and down falls the weight.

Answered

A YOUNG town-dweller stopped and made a few rather patronising remarks to an old villager who was working in his garden.

"And what kind of potatoes are they you are planting?" asked the young man.

"Raw ones, to be sure," slowly replied the old man. "You wouldn't expect me to be putting in boiled ones, would ye?"

Idi On Parle Français



La toile web whale well
L'araignée tisse une belle toile.
Le marin a harponné une baleine.
On va puiser de l'eau au puits.

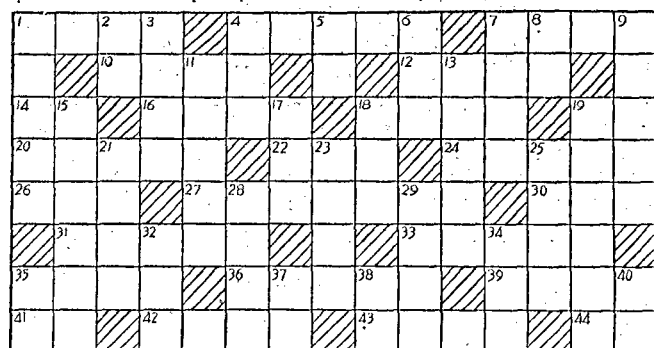
Long and Short Months

HERE is a convenient reminder of the number of days in the months. By counting the knuckles on the hand, with the spaces between them, all the months

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues given below. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. The flower of this month. 4. Burdened. 7. Bird of Peace. 10. Narrow band of linen. 12. An Alpine animal of the goat family. 14. Thus. 16. Speed. 18. A tribe or family. 19. Civil Engineer.* 20. To hint. 22. To trim by cutting. 24. Acquire knowledge. 26. Prefix suggesting new. 27. A pointed saying. 30. To make an incision. 31. A state of equality. 33. These people stain fabrics. 35. Second letter of the Greek alphabet. 36. To remove errors. 39. To portion out. 41. Denotes contiguity. 42. Close. 43. Puts a question. 44. Compass point.*



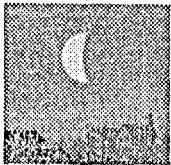
Reading Down. 1. Inflammable substance which exudes from wood. 2. Saint.* 3. Ranks between Marquess and Viscount. 4. Allow. 5. Accomplish. 6. Nothing. 7. A dell or valley. 8. Bovine animal. 9. A happening. 11. The person to whom money is to be paid. 13. Aromatic. 15. Kind of pancake made of eggs. 17. Great judge and priest of Israel. 18. Canadian Pacific Railway.* 19. Hard external coats. 21. A verse maker. 23. A hideous giant of legend. 25. A land measure. 28. An excuse. 29. Accumulates. 32. The front of an army. 34. River of Germany. 35. Bachelor of Arts.* 37. Mister.* 38. Symbol for sodium. 40. Early English.*

with 31 days will fall on the knuckles, and those with 30 days or less will come in the spaces.

January, first knuckle; February, first space; March, second knuckle; April, second space; May, third knuckle; June, third space; July, fourth knuckle; August, first knuckle; September, first space; October, second knuckle; November, second space; December, third knuckle.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South. In the evening Venus is in the West, Mars is in the South-West, and Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Monday, June 24.



Ha! Ha!

FUNNY MAN: Call yourself a gentleman? Why, I hear that you took two of my jokes and passed them off as your own last night.

Humorist: Yes; a true gentleman can always take a joke!

A Charado

MY first is near the clear, blue sea,
The green waves off it lave;
It glitters in the bright sunshine,
Lies in the deep; dark cave.

My second part is endless quite,
Like the love of which it tells;
When used, the world seems gay
and bright

With joy's eternal spells.
My third, alas! to speak the truth,
Suggests a vacant sty;
My whole a royal residence;
You know as well as I.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

One Hundred

There is more than one way in which she could have bought 100 articles for 100 pence; but her actual order was:

1 box of chocolates . . . 10d
4 tins of toffee . . . 32d
21 bars of chocolate . . . 21d
74 toffee-apples . . . 37d

100 . . . 100

Word Square

S O L V E R
O R I O L E
L I N T E L
V O T I V E
E L E V E N
R E L E N T

Numerical
Spelling
MILL

How Many Can You See?

Shears, fork, edge-cutter, sickle, basket, trowel, knife, water-can, rake, hose, hoe, sieve, flower-pot, broom, spade, scythe, sprayer, pruners, roller, mower.

Tales Before Bedtime

Blue or Red?

BETTY had been saving up for a new skipping-rope, and she had seen a lovely one in Mrs Blake's shop. It had handles with beautiful blue rings round them.

Today Betty would have her pocket-money and she could buy the lovely rope! As soon as breakfast was over she got her hat and raced down to the village, with her money tightly clutched in her hand.

When she got to the shop she didn't even stop to look in the window but ran inside.

"Please, Mrs Blake," she panted, "I've come to buy that blue skipping-rope, the one with the blue rings on the handles."

"Eh, dearie me, Miss Betty!" said Mrs Blake, drawing back the curtain from the shop window, "I'm afraid I have only the one with red rings left."

Poor Betty's heart fell as she saw only the red skipping-rope on the nail where for weeks the blue one had hung beside it. "Oh, I did want the blue one!" she cried sadly.

"I'm that sorry, Miss Betty," said kind Mrs Blake, "but would you believe it, Mrs Hart came in only last evening and bought the blue one for her little girl!"

The tears nearly came when Betty realised that Edie Hart had got her lovely rope! Edie had pushed her in school yesterday, and then laughed and said she hadn't.

"This is the only one I've got," said Mrs Blake, unhooking the rope.

"I suppose I shall have to have it then," Betty said despondently, holding out her money.

To make matters worse, whom should she meet on the way home but Edie herself carrying a little parcel! As soon as Edie saw her her face fell and she exclaimed, "Oh!"

"What?" asked Betty, rather crossly.

"That's the one—I mean," Edie stammered, "Mummy bought me the wrong skipping-rope. I wanted the red one that you've got, and she bought me this ugly blue one. I can't bear blue."

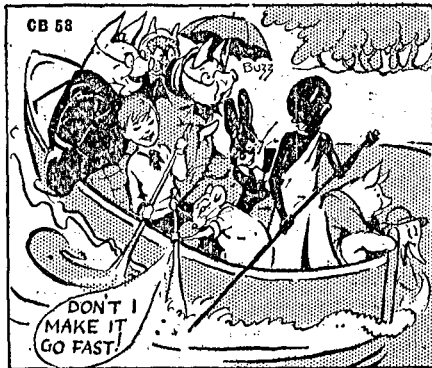
Betty could hardly speak as Edie opened her parcel. "Why, that's the very one I want," she cried, "only Mrs Blake had sold it. I can't bear red!"

"Let's change then," cried Edie, and they laughed as they exchanged the ropes. "Now we've both got what we wanted," Edie chuckled. "And I'm sorry I pushed you yesterday, Betty."

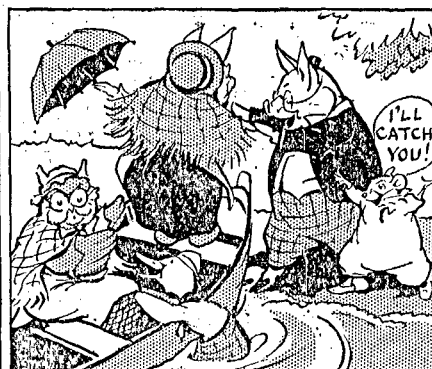
They smiled at each other. "Perhaps it was my fault," Betty said, skipping happily.

THE CADBURY COCOCUBS

Hippo Helps



"Let's have a picnic" cried Mrs. Pie-Porker one fine morning. Everybody agreed, so they packed up some food. Sambo said he knew a nice spot down the river—they'd go by canoe.



Mrs. Pie-Porker was rather afraid of a light canoe. It didn't look safe. But there was no trouble. They arrived at the picnic spot, and the Cococubs jumped on to the river bank.



Mrs. Pie-Porker and Granny Owl weren't so ready to jump off. Suddenly they shot forward. Luckily Jonathan and Pie Porker caught them. A hippopotamus had come up for a breather!

There's a Cococub

in every tin of

The CHILDREN'S

Bournville Cocoa

Look out for the Cococubs taking cocoa beans to market.